

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE LITTLE ONE IN THE CORNFIELD

### WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, BABY DEER?

#### THE LITTLE ONE LOST AND FOUND

#### A Tale of Kindness From a Hungarian Cornfield

#### BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

By Our Hungary Correspondent

We all know the miracles wrought in this world by the kindness of human beings. How many of us realise that such kindness is found also in the animal world?

One sultry day this autumn some men were harvesting corn in a field in Czecho-Slovakia when one of them discovered, to his horror and dismay, that his sickle had cut through something very different from corn.

Invisible to all, there had been lying tucked away between the corn-stalks a baby deer not more than seven days old. Had it strayed there by itself? Or had it been left by its mother in her flight at the approach of men?

#### A Great Lover of Animals

The harvester, had he been an Englishman and known his George MacDonald, might have asked his wounded companion, *Where did you come from, Baby Deer?* but there would have been no answer to his question.

All that is certain is that there it lay, and that the sweep of the harvester's sickle had not only lopped off its pretty ears but had made a wound in its neck.

The harvester was a kindly man, and, though he hardly thought it possible to save the creature's life, he lifted it in his arms and carried it to the lodge of the manor house, where lived the bailiff's wife, a great lover of animals. She, too, thought it a desperate case, but she refused to regard it as hopeless. She began by pouring some milk into the animal's mouth, but she succeeded so ill that she gave that up and tried to think of a better way of giving it the needed nourishment.

#### The Little Foundling

Her dachshund had brought her some puppies; what if it could be persuaded to accept the little foundling as a foster child? To her great joy the idea worked. The dachshund, having sniffed the newcomer all over, adopted it wholeheartedly, even pushing aside her own voracious puppies to make room for it. Thus the question of feeding was solved; but there remained the wound, which evidently caused pain and refused to heal. The bailiff's wife was beginning to think that all her efforts had been in vain when help came from an unexpected quarter.

On the second day after the arrival of the deer she saw her two cats rise majestically from the hearth rug, walk across the room, and, having inspected the wound, calmly start disinfecting it

### The Coxswain



The cox of a ladies' rowing club is here seen on the Thames at Hammersmith, well protected from splashes and the chilly wind. She has the double task of steering the boat and instructing the crew.

by licking. They took turns to do this for several days, after which time the wound was healed and the patient was well.

It is now four months old, and, except that its ears are cropped like a terrier's, it is about the prettiest little thing in the world. It is also one of the happiest, and follows its mistress like a dog, pawing her skirts when it wishes to be taken into her arms, like its foster brothers the puppies.

Soon it will be too old to lie in her lap, but we hope it will never be so old as to forget the gratitude it owes its foster mother the dachshund, and its two nurses Pussy Number One and Pussy Number Two. *Picture on page 2*

#### WHAT THEY FORGOT

Far from improving the quality of motion-pictures the sound device has nearly wrecked them, because producers were so anxious to show that they could turn out talking-pictures that they forgot to make them moving ones.

Manchester Guardian

### AHMET HULUSI An Old Turk Leaps to Fame

*Grow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be!*

cry Browning and Ahmet Hulusi. Hulusi spent 80 years of obscure life in an Anatolian village, and now he has become famous.

Some members of the Stambul Conservatoire set off on the same quest for native songs which sent Cecil Sharp to Somerset cottages and Mrs Kennedy Fraser to Hebridean homesteads. When they heard Ahmet they became enraptured by his singing and the number of old Turkish songs he knows. Gramophone records made by the old villager are now selling like hot cakes in Stambul.

There is sure to be somebody who is a little chagrined by all this, a wife or a brother who used to say "Can't you be quiet? Your eternal singing will drive me mad. You ought to have been a humble bee, buzzing about." Now all the clever folk are tumbling over each other to buy echoes of Ahmet's singing

### A POOR COUNTRY'S DREAM COMES TRUE

#### THE HELP-ONE-ANOTHER WORLD

#### Scholars of Many Lands and the Scholars of Bulgaria

#### THE STUDENT'S NEW HOPE

One more thing has happened very like a miracle.

It has all to do with a Student House for Bulgaria. Since long before the war this has been one of the greatest needs of Bulgaria, and the foundation-stone has now been laid at Sofia. Students will soon have their meeting-place, restaurant, and self-help centre.

After three wars, an earthquake, and the payment of heavy war debts, so many Bulgarian families have been poverty-stricken that most students are under-nourished, and over half of them are suffering from tubercular diseases. Many have been too exhausted by physical hardship to prepare themselves for their examinations and could only regard the future with feelings of hopelessness.

Most of them are living, half-starved, in cellars, garrets, and in unused bathrooms and kitchens.

#### A Crying Need

With each national disaster the dream of this Student House has seemed more and more impossible to realise. But students of other countries have heard of Bulgaria's crying need. "No food, no lodgings, no books, not even the possibility of self-help" ran the 1928 report of the International Student Service.

Then it was that a miracle happened in a world full of international and economic strife. In spite of the appeals for all kinds of other good causes subscriptions poured in from students of every country. Bulgaria herself made heroic efforts, and now enough money has been raised to begin the building. The friendly help of students from all over the world has done more for good feeling among nations than many a formal treaty.

#### A Wonderful Contribution

Students of America led the subscription list by raising over 8000 dollars. England and Germany came next, closely followed by Holland, which sent in a wonderful contribution. Zurich students worked actually day and night to raise their share, and Canada and other countries also sent substantial help for this good cause.

Some of the money is already being used for relief work among the poorest of the poor, and two self-help centres have been started. Bulgarian students are obliged to have many of their lecture courses typed and duplicated, and up to now this work has been done by copying offices at very high prices. Poor students will now help themselves by undertaking this work.



## TOGO GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD

### A GREAT ADVENTURE

How His Mistress Brought Him Home Again

### A VERY GOOD STORY

Let's Talk of Dogs. By Rowland Johns (Methuen. 6s).

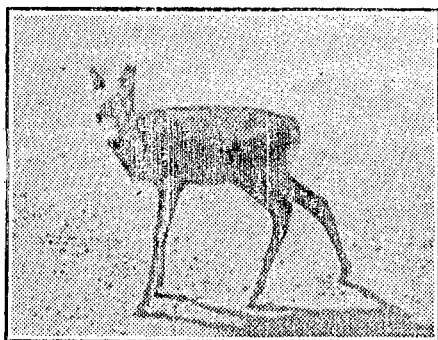
We are moved to take one story of a Pekingese dog from this most excellent book of anecdotes.

Our dog's name is Togo, and it belongs to Jean, a Scottish girl who works at a shop in the little port of Methil. It is as devoted to its mistress as Mary's little lamb, and it followed her to the shop day after day.

One morning Jean arrived at the shop with Togo missing. "It must have gone home," she thought, but at the dinner hour she became alarmed. No Togo was waiting for her at home, and nobody had seen him. It was not until after eight in the evening that the shop was closed and she was able to go to the police.

The police advertised for a clue and discovered that a workman mending the road near Jean's shop had seen Togo being enticed down a side street by two sailors who looked like foreigners. The police were certain there was no hope that Togo could ever be recovered.

But Jean had a clue, and she was determined to follow it. She discovered



The Baby Deer. See page 1

that only one ship had been at Methil on the day the sailors had been seen, and that was the Java. This ship had sailed at three that afternoon. To her dismay the shipping agents told her that the first call of the Java would not be until Port Said. But at the Customs Office Jean obtained the name and address of the skipper. This was not enough. A letter to the captain might not be delivered, she thought, until the men had been able to get the dog ashore, so she wrote also to the British Customs authorities at Port Said. These were random shots in the dark. She could do no more except wait during several weeks of unhappy suspense.

At last a letter came from the Director of Egyptian Customs Administration at Port Said. When the Java arrived he had boarded the ship and interviewed the captain. He was just in time. Togo was still there, and in the best of health. He had followed the sailors on board, said the captain, and they, believing it to be a stray, thought they would keep him.

"Togo is undoubtedly a clever little dog," thought Jean when she read the letter; "but he can't climb a Jacob's ladder up a ship's side."

### Home at Last

After leaving Port Said the Java returned to England, with Togo in charge of the captain, and the dog was eventually landed at Newport.

But poor Jean had to wait six months more before she could have Togo back, for he had to go into quarantine. The authorities reduced the charge, and the Canine Defence League, on hearing the story, paid all the expenses, like the good people they are. Togo knew his mistress at once on arriving at Methil. When she was nearly home she took off his lead to see what he would do, and he trotted straight home after his long absence.

## LIFE FOR THE DYERS

### A BRITISH INDUSTRY PUT ON ITS FEET

Relief For the Hard-Hit Textile Trades

### END OF A WAR ACT

The Government has decided not to renew the Act to regulate the imports of Dyestuffs passed in 1920.

The Act was passed at the end of the war for very good reasons. Though it was an Englishman, Sir William Perkin, who discovered the first artificial dye-stuff, it was the scientific Germans who developed the industry. They beat all competing nations, and practically held a monopoly when the war broke out.

Realising the national importance of the industry the Government, when the war was over, decided to put on duties strictly limiting the importation of dyes for ten years, a period considered long enough to allow intelligent manufacturers to establish a progressive industry.

### Free Trade

The restriction on imported dyes has pressed heavily on our textile and other colour-using industries, though the Government of 1920 gave a pledge that it should not have this effect. But the Act has worked well and 93 per cent of dyestuffs used here are now produced in this country. For this reason, and to help our badly-hit textile industries, which greatly depend on free access to all colour and dyeing materials, there is now to be free trade in dyestuffs.

There is always a danger, when a Government protects an industry, that the sheltered industry will repose with ease on its bed of roses. We do not think this has been the case with our dyestuff manufacturers, but at any rate the far bigger textile industry has laid on its plank bed long enough, and these two industries will henceforward stand on equal terms. It is now for our dyers to use the fine brains of our chemists and beat the clever Germans. That is their next battle in the war we are all glad to fight for our common prosperity.

## MORE FRIENDS FOR THE BIRDS

### Are You a Penguin?

A society which takes the name of the Penguin Club has been formed to study and protect sea-bird life.

The founder and honorary secretary is Mr Henry de Vere Stacpoole, the well-known novelist and writer, who lives at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Sir John Martin Harvey is the president, and there is a representative body of supporters chiefly living on the South and East coasts.

The club aims at stimulating interest in sea-birds and shielding them from their wretched enemies—the gun man, the collector, and, most of all, the sea-going craft that befoul the coastal waters with deadly oil. The members of the club seek to tell the truth about these depredations on bird life without exaggeration.

Undoubtedly there is great need for such a society, and we are sure that readers of the C.N., young and old, will regard its work with keen sympathy. Our wild sea-birds are one of the greatest charms of our coasts, and it is high time that their human friends should combine in a watchful defence against the increasing dangers that beset them.

We warmly commend Mr de Vere Stacpoole's kindly club to our readers, who already share its spirit. Why not write to Mr Stacpoole?

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Dolomites . . . . .	Dol-o-mites
Ganymede . . . . .	Gan-e-meed
Haifa . . . . .	Hy-fah
Kamet . . . . .	Kah-met
Neria . . . . .	Neh-ry-ah
Tsana . . . . .	Tsah-nah

## SMOKY THEATRES

### THE CENSOR SAYS A GOOD WORD

Why Pay for a Very Uncomfortable Evening?

### THE BAD PLAYGOER

People who like to go to the play without having smoke puffed in their faces all the time will applaud the Lord Chamberlain with heart and voice. He has notified the London theatres under his control that there must be no smoking in the auditorium while plays are being acted.

An exception may be made when the theatre is offering what is called a musical comedy, the reason for this being, we suppose, that these pieces do not call for much mental effort on the part of the audiences, who may therefore be permitted to fill up the gaps in their minds with cigarettes. Otherwise we should have thought that the atmosphere of smoke was as bad for the throats of singers as of other performers.

### Colds and Sore Throats

It is certainly harmful to many in the audience and of no use to anyone. Theatres are not too well ventilated, and the addition of tobacco smoke to an already stuffy atmosphere makes it a breeding-house of germs, especially in winter. More colds and sore throats are caught, in an almost literal sense, in the smoky atmospheres of shut-in theatres and music-halls than anywhere else. Smoking carriages at the rush hours on London railways are the nearest competitors for this evil reputation.

The proper place for smoking is a place which the smokers can have to themselves. Smoking carriages and smoking rooms are provided for them. But the theatre is not a proper place, because there the smokers cannot keep their smoke to themselves. Even smokers do not enjoy the smoke from other people's pipes and cigarettes.

### The Only Refuge

Non-smokers detest it, but they can find few places where they can avoid it. It is disgusting that they cannot get out of the atmosphere of smoke nowadays unless they go to church.

Neither in the United States nor in any Continental theatre is smoking allowed. It is only in England that the smokers are able to spoil other men's pleasure and other women's dresses. Here the habit of smoking in theatres has grown up in the last few years until the theatre is losing its attraction as a comfortable place for an evening's enjoyment and becoming the monopoly of the bad playgoer who sacrifices everything for a cigarette.

We heard the other day of a C.N. reader who was delighted to see the new Whitehall Theatre, a fine building for our great street of Government. "I must patronise this fine place," our reader thought, and then, alas, he found that this, too, is a smoky theatre, and into it he will not go. Why should he? Why should we sit all the evening in a costly seat to be puffed at and puffed on by all who will, when we can sit at home in comfort and listen-in?

## THE FLEETWOOD FLEET

### A New Dock for Trawlers

Fleetwood fish will soon be a slogan challenging Grimsby fish, if all goes well with a Bill the L.M.S. is presenting to Parliament next year.

The railway proposes to spend £750,000 in building a 20-acre dock to accommodate the largest trawlers in the world. In addition 3000 feet of covered staging are to be built for the landing of the fish.

With the completion of this new dock Fleetwood will have 46 acres of harbour for her fishing fleet, and in the future both Hull and Grimsby will have to look to their laurels.

## ENTRANCING TOYS

### And the Dull Toy Soldier

It is disturbing to see in a few of the big shops a return of the toy soldier, fostering an interest in war which for twelve years all good people have been trying to banish from the minds of boys.

We beg our readers not to buy these toys, but to favour the shops in which they are not displayed. In any case, the toys of peace are far more entrancing for children than those of war, and, beside the marvellous mechanical toys on every hand, many made in Northampton, the toy soldier is dullness itself.

### The Guild of Treasure Seekers

This year aunts and uncles will hardly be able to tear themselves away from the wonderful toy palaces in our great cities. The toys in them are not the haphazard products of commercialism, but are often creations of the minds of artists. Many are the birds and animals that are true to life in every detail, their colourings and attitudes worked out by a naturalist who is a master at one of our public schools. Others are the product of the Guild of Treasure Seekers, whose home is at Stonaford in Cornwall.

Doll's houses and bungalows are made to take to pieces, and there are tallboys, Welsh dressers, and refectory tables all true to period, and of great value educationally.

Larger toys include a merry-go-round with riders on prancing horses, a coaster with his donkey and barrow—and with Liza, his wife, who helps him sell the vegetables. A fascinating toy is a removal van with warehousemen, and horses enjoying the contents of their nosebags. A greenhouse with a movable door, windows, and artificial plants will surely be on many Christmas lists.

### Products of Rural England

Many of the woolly animals are the work of the women of rural England who market their goods through the Women's Institutes. Another cottage industry is the work of the ex-Service men; a great deal is also made by them at Enham Village Centre near Bournemouth. Toymaking is a favourite craft of these men, and when the design is good these toys can hold their own against the machine-made article.

Among all these thousands of toys uncles will be sure to wend their way to the mechanical corner, where they enjoy quite as much as their nephews the wonders of engines, flying-boats, windmills, and steamships.

Extremely interesting are boxes of animals found in the British Commonwealth. On the lid of each box is a map and a list of animals, so that the youngest child can realise the difference between a rhinoceros from East Africa and the Indian variety of the family.

Santa Claus will revel in his wide choice of delightful things this year. His task will be an easy one, and he will find little need for the dull toy soldiers.

## THINGS SAID

I have never met a harsh landlord in London. Marylebone police magistrate

England reminds me of a great bouquet of flowers. An American visitor

Polar bears are absolutely miserable when there is a cold snap.

Mr Boulenger of the Zoo

What depresses me is the unwillingness of so many men to take part in public affairs. Lord Derby

Wise men make as many mistakes as their foolish brethren, but never the same slip twice. Mr Godfrey Winn

No man's occupation should be a danger to his life or a menace to his health.

The Prince of Wales

We are living in a world where the younger generation have never known a Liberal Government.

Overheard the other day

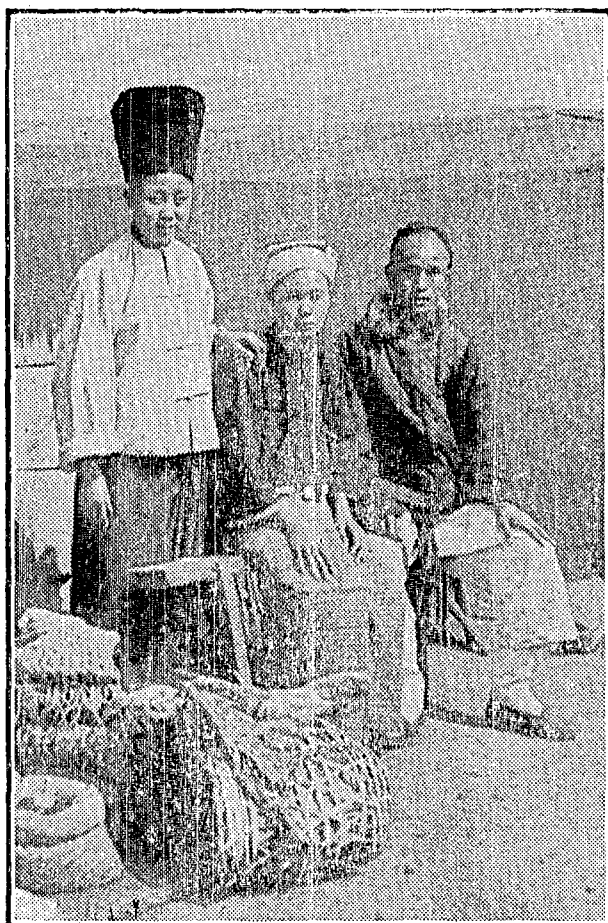


December 20, 1930

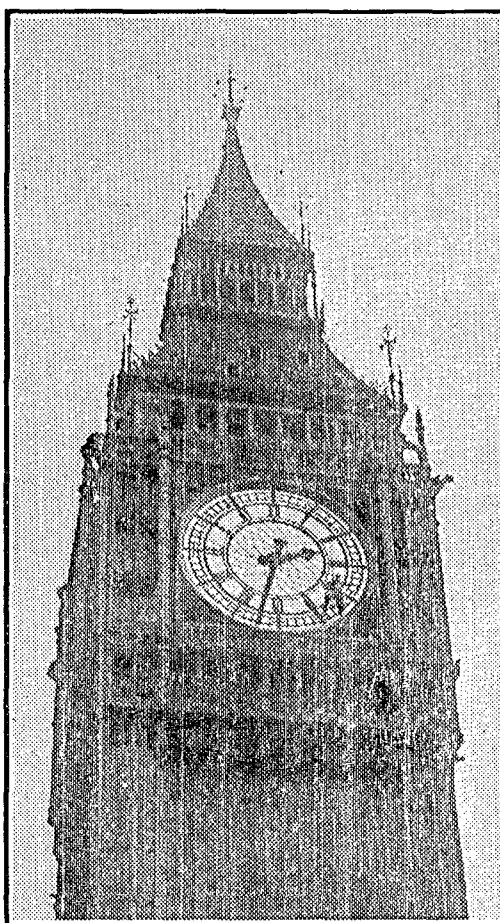
The Children's Newspaper

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# SALOON FIRE ENGINE · CLEANING BIG BEN · THE MECHANICAL HORSE



Burma for the Burmans—Here are three typical natives of Burma, the great province which is to be separated from India as a result of the Round Table Conference in London. See page 5.



A Well-Known Broadcaster—The face of Parliament's clock, known to all the world as Big Ben, has been cleaned again. The cleaner can be seen in this picture.



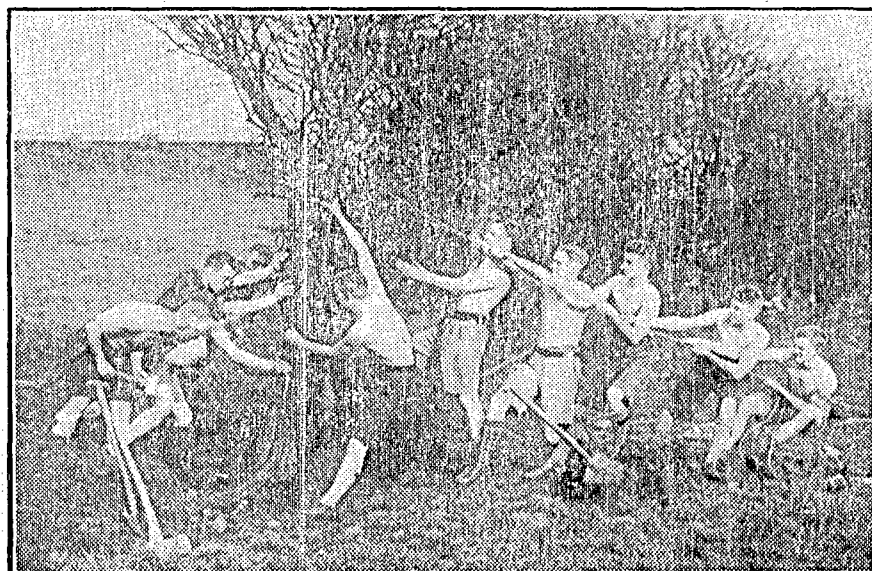
Preparing for Christmas—Determined to have Christmas trees of some kind, the little people seen here are taking home some furze bushes for their party next week.



The Mechanical Horse—The L.M.S. Railway is experimenting with a new type of tractor which may eventually replace the company's horses. The new motor, seen here, has three wheels and can turn in a small space. It is specially designed for use with horse vehicles.



Saloon Fire Engine—An interesting feature of this new Berlin fire engine is the compartment, very like that of a private saloon car, in which the crew is accommodated. It is a remarkable contrast to the usual fire engine, to which the men appear to cling perilously.



The Yule Log—Felling a tree for the Christmas fire provided splendid open-air exercise for these hardy Boy Scouts near Ilkley in Yorkshire.



The Ambush—What sort of weather will Christmas bring? Snow is a great nuisance in some ways, but there are people like these two girls who would welcome a heavy fall.



## LONDON'S OLD WALL

### A DISASTER AFTER 1500 YEARS

Fragments of the Roman Empire Near the Tower  
RELICS OF AUGUSTA

After standing for about fifteen hundred years the face of one of the best fragments of the wall the Romans built round London fell to the ground one day last month.

This section stands in a yard in Trinity Place, on Tower Hill, and after viewing the fragment standing to the east of the White Tower many a lover of Old London wends his way up a narrow passage to gaze on this fine piece of ragstone and Roman brick supporting the loftier wall of medieval days.

Let us follow the wall round and see the other bits that remain.

#### Where Roman Sentries Walked

Close at hand behind Talbot House, the Overseas headquarters of Toc II in Trinity Square, is a fine stretch, 112 feet long, 35 feet high, where you can walk along the rampart paced by the guard centuries ago. The next piece of wall still standing is in Roman Wall House, Crutched Friars. The wall ran to Aldgate and turned north-west to flank Houndsditch, which received its ugly name from its moat.

In Camomile Street there is a bastion discovered in 1876.

Crossing Bishopsgate the wall went west along Wormwood Street and London Wall. In the old churchyard of the church of St Alphage is a fine fragment, and the vestry of All Hallows close by stands on one of the bastions. Farther on there is a portion in the churchyard of St Giles's, Cripplegate, the church where Cromwell was married and Milton was buried.

#### In the G.P.O. Courtyard

The wall then turned south, and we can see it in the churchyard of St Botolph, Aldersgate. The next fragment, a very famous one, stands in the G.P.O. grounds on the site of the Old Bluecoat School, where we can go down some steps and see it underground. From here the wall was continued to the Thames, and portions still stand at the rear of Warwick Square. On reaching the Thames the wall ran along the north bank, and is found in cellars in Thames Street and under the Coal Exchange.

And so back to the fragment at the Tower of London, that tower of defence against the bold sea-rovers who came up the river to attack Augusta, the fine name which was first given to London by its Roman founders.

Now that the fallen wall has been restored the C.N. has this suggestion to offer for making it more attractive still.

*A grass plot should be planted at its base so that a vivid piece of colour may reveal even more vividly the fine old masonry of the Roman builders.*

## OUR NATIONAL WEALTH

### Recovery From War Losses

The capital of the nation is now £18,000,000,000, says Sir Josiah Stamp, one of our highest authorities.

Sir Josiah gave this figure to the Royal Statistical Society the other day, and stated that his estimate might be a thousand millions wrong but, compared with his 1914 figure of just over 14,000 million pounds, the advance in wealth was striking.

An interesting fact is that we spent all our national savings and lost a quarter of our foreign investments from 1914 to 1920, but in the eight succeeding years we saved £450,000,000 a year.

These figures are amazing. In spite of taxation, the war debt we are paying to America, and all our other difficulties, the nation is steadily adding to its great wealth.

## THOUSANDS OF HORSES

### THEIR DAY NOT YET OVER

Speeding to Battle on Giants  
Weighing Nearly a Ton

#### THE STEEDS OF CHIVALRY

Friends of animals will be glad to learn from the annual report of the National Horse Society that during the year no fewer than 22,833 heavy horse foals were born in this country. The day of the "great horse," especially in the fields, is far from ended.

The pleasant thing is that nowadays the multiplication of these animals means the further development of peaceful industry, whereas in the time of our ancestors the increase of such animals was only due to war.

As all C.N. readers know, the great horse, as it was named, was called into being simply to serve the purposes of warriors who, encased in heavy armour, needed giant horses to carry them. Such animals were not used for agriculture or commercial work, in which only little animals, cobs at best, could be profitably used in competition with oxen.

Our great Shires, Clydesdales, Suffolks and Percherons are descended from those old warhorses. It is rather a blow to romance to remember this, for all sense of speed and mobility is shaken when we

## GOD

You are not alone in the Universe.

*It is impossible.*

Then there is somebody.

*It is God.*

No theory in all Science is so secure as the idea of God in the hearts of men.

See the January number of My Magazine for

The Superstition of Mr Julian Huxley

By Arthur Mee

remember that the feats of armed knights in tourney and in flying pursuit of craven villainy were performed on the backs of lumbering giants each weighing nearly a ton.

"Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow," cries Richard the Third on the eve of Bosworth Field. It happens that we know to a nicety what white Surrey was like. It was a huge white cart-horse, the image of a modern Clydesdale which has lain rough in the fields for the winter, with splendid legs, it is true, legs that are admirable for weight-carrying though not for speed.

That is the sort of horse on which Spenser's Faerie Queene knight rides into literature "gently pricking on the plaine." It is useless for the poet to tell us that "His angry steed did chide his foaming bitt, As much dayning to the curb to yield," for we know that that horse, if in haste for its manger, was but trying to trot six miles an hour instead of five.

No; the horses of chivalry, despite the old-time writers, never bounded like lightning o'er the plain; they were too heavy-footed in themselves, too weighted by the living ironclads in their saddles. There was not one of the famous steeds named in history which would not be outshone by the majority of the 22,000 celebrated this year by our society for the encouragement of the horse.

## THE SEVENPENNY LOAF

### Bread is Cheap Today

#### WHAT IT WOULD HAVE MEANT TO OUR ANCESTORS

A quartern loaf is now sevenpence.

Seeing that in some parts of England the price of bread has never been so low since before the war it must be counted comparatively cheap; but we are left to wonder what would it have meant to the ancestors of our workpeople?

It would have meant simply starvation, supposing they had had to buy bread. Wages were low and families large, and bread was the main item of their food. An official wage scale for Berkshire 135 years ago shows what the conditions were.

#### Peasant Life as it Used to Be

A man received 3s a week in wages, a woman 2s. If they were man and wife they had to submit to reduction and accept 4s 6d as joint wages for their week's labour. They were, however, allowed 1s 6d for each child, so that if the husband and wife worked and had seven children their total income was 15s a week.

Not many sevenpenny loaves could have reached the tables of families in that station of life, yet the type was common; it embraced the great bulk of the peasants of this country when towns were small, textile industries in their infancy, and machinery for industry was practically undreamed of.

How did these poor people live? Bread, if they bought it, cost a shilling a loaf, but generally speaking they did not buy bread; they made it. Wretched stuff it was, containing little wheat but a large proportion of rye, peas, and other materials not conducive to good and pleasant bread. They had fresh meat about once a year.

#### Great Men From Poor Homes

Yet the men who built up our Empire overseas were drawn from this class, the working pioneers and hardy adventurers who set America, Canada, and Australia on their feet and gave them the first start in their career.

And from such poor homes came many great men. Cobbett, one of our finest writers; John Clare, the poet son of a pauper; and William Barnes, a bankrupt small farmer's son destined to make his name immortal with his rich and rare dialect poetry, were of that impoverished host. Yet a sevenpenny loaf would have been a luxury indeed in homes such as those.

## TASTE IN OUR CHURCHES

### Two Delicate Things Well Done

In the most interesting fourth year report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches are two pieces of information which particularly please us.

Of Hartland, on the coast of North Devon, we read that "owing to the kindness of the family who at one time put in a very unworthy memorial window, plain glass is now being substituted for it where light is much needed in the church."

Unworthy stained-glass windows spoil countless windows in the beautiful churches of England; they often appear to present an insoluble problem. They were given in innocence and goodwill, but without knowledge of what was enduringly beautiful. All honour to the family of Hartland!

Also congratulations must be given to that church in Oxfordshire which, thanks to a watchful committee, has been able gracefully to decline for its churchyard a shop-made statuette of a child carrying a bird bath.

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH £1000?

### WHAT ELLEN PHILLIPS DID WITH IT

Who Will Help to Carry On Her Dream?

#### HOW CHEAP HAPPINESS IS

Everybody has been delighted to see that Sir James Carmichael, who has put up the magnificent Daily Telegraph office in Fleet Street, has put up, for nothing but the love that is in his heart a new wing for the greatest Children's Hospital in England.

It is, of course, the Queen's Hospital in Hackney Road, over which the Duke of York presides, and we are reminded of a wonderful story of the beginning of this famous place.

#### A Happy Birthday

It is sixty years since it happened, since a girl came of age and her father, kissing her and wishing her many happy returns of the day, put into her hands a thousand pounds.

Ellen Phillips, happy at 21, almost cried with delight at the thought of possessing a thousand pounds. "Now," she said, "my dream can come true."

What would you do with £1000? Ellen Phillips and her sister Mary used the money to open a small hospital in a London slum. These two Quaker girls were the nurses, Alexander Fox was the doctor, and poor children were the patients.

Mothers flocked to the hospital for help, and they have been flocking to it ever since, for today the hospital founded on this birthday is the largest children's hospital in England.

#### Love of Children

Hundreds of lives have been saved, hundreds of crippled limbs made straight, hundreds of broken hearts mended in the atmosphere created by Ellen Phillips with her thousand pounds. How amazed she would have been if she had guessed it would one day cost £37,000 a year to keep her hospital going!

The love of children which founded the place has kept it going ever since, and it seems highly contagious. When Sir James Carmichael was asked what his firm would charge for additions to the hospital's Bexhill branch he said the annexe would cost £2000, and that he would give it himself. But it is actually costing £4000 because Sir James will keep adding verandahs and other things to the plans.

Sir James has given the building, East London will supply the sick children; who will provide the furniture?

#### A Paradise at Bexhill

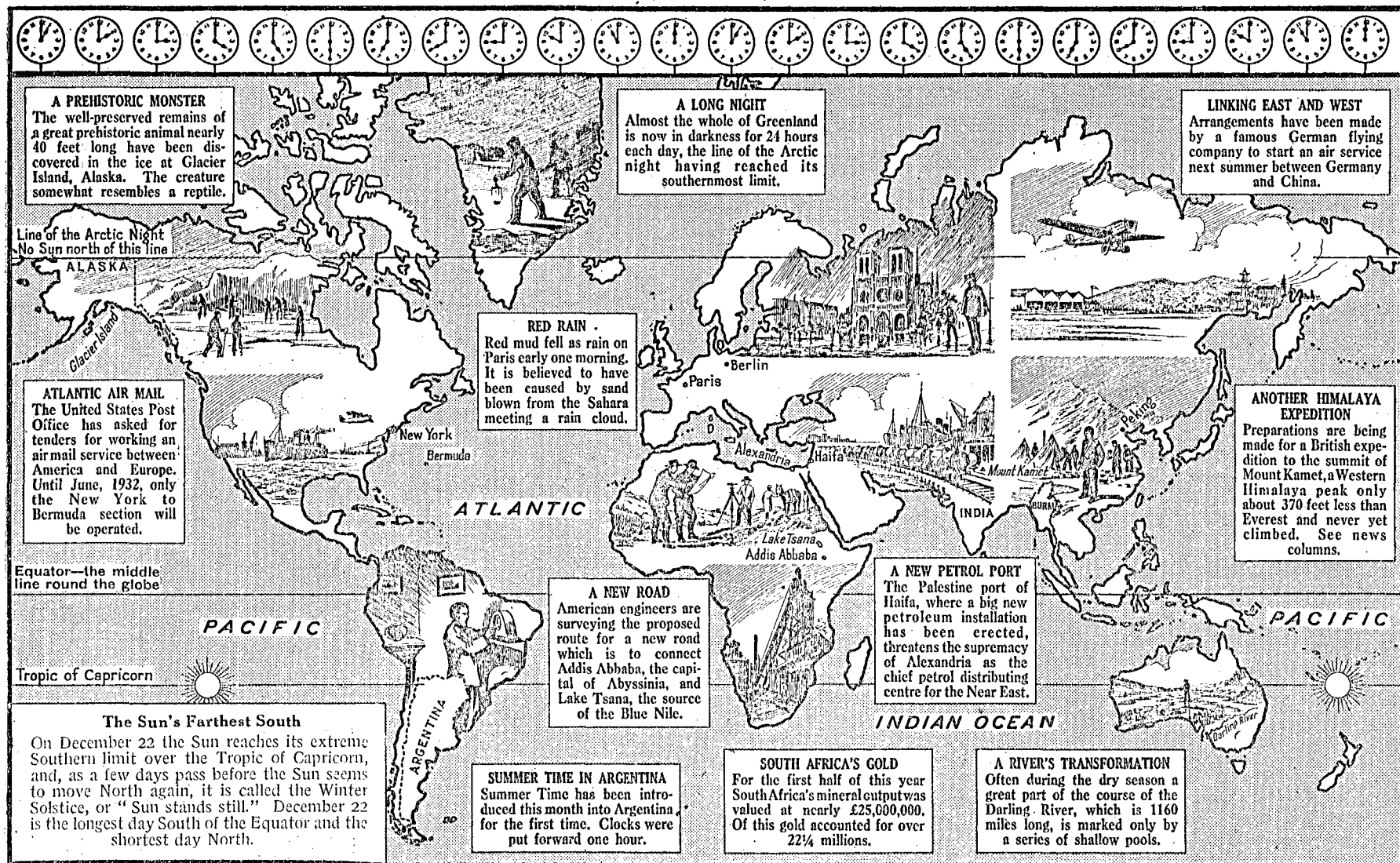
What a proud thing it would be if we could answer that C.N. children will! The cost will be only £300, and it will cover the needs of ten children and six adults. Nobody could furnish more cheaply than that, and no one could furnish to better purpose. Every sixpence spent will bring comfort to a long succession of sick children. Think of lying very ill in a room where many other people sleep, feed, play, and quarrel, where the washing hangs up to dry, and the baby cries, and there is nothing to see from the window but a factory wall. Then think of being sent to the Little Folks Home at Bexhill, with a jolly garden, a sparkling sea, a motherly welcome, clean clothes, lovely food, a comfortable bed all to yourself? Would it not be Paradise?

As for us, we thank Sir James Carmichael for his gift to these little ones in our slums, and we beg our happy readers to do what they can to carry on the good work of Ellen Phillips and her Birthday Thousand Pounds by sending a mite on every birthday that comes to the Little Folks Home at Bexhill.

*Great happiness is so cheap, bought with a little money.*



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## AUSTRALIA DOES A NEW THING

### Choosing Its Own Governor-General HIGH HONOUR FOR A TAILOR'S SON

One of the fruits of the Imperial Conference has come quickly to harvest.

It will be recalled that one of the rights accorded to our Dominions was that of nominating their own governors. Australians have been anxious to honour one of their own kin in this way, and Mr Scullin, the Prime Minister, has accordingly advised the King to appoint Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs to the post of Governor-General.

For the first time in the history of the Empire the King has been approached directly without the intervention of our Government, and the King has assented to this request from over the seas. Another interesting fact is that the name was put forward without an alternative name, and the King has not even met the man who is to act for him.

Sir Isaac is a typical Australian of the finest type. He is Chief Justice of Australia, and has risen to that high office by his own perseverance and hard work. The son of a Melbourne tailor, in the days of his youth he worked as a teacher and a journalist. He studied at Melbourne University, and was called to the Australian bar in 1880.

The new Governor-General is a fine linguist, knowing French, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but what we like best about him is his wonderful love for his mother, who passed away in 1912. Her son never missed a day without reading the Bible to her, or sending her a message of affection wherever he was.

Over £60,000 has been left by an American to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals in Paris and London.

## HOW TO GET ON Have a Good Mother

Mr A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, was given some silver by the people of his native town the other day, and in return he told them what a hard-up boy must do in order to rise in the world.

Mr Alexander, who got married on a wage of less than £2 a week and is now a Cabinet Minister, knows what he is talking about.

The first essential is to have a good mother, he says. On the platform as the First Lord spoke sat his own mother, and she heard him say that a mother like her is the biggest asset that any young man who wants to make his way in life can possibly have.

Next, says Mr Alexander, a young man must burn the midnight oil. He himself often worked 14 or 15 hours a day.

We may be very certain that his mother worked as long as he does, and thinks it all worth while to see her boy at the head of the British Navy.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting of Venice, by Turner	£17,000
Painting by Rembrandt	£15,000
Painting by Raeburn	£9,200
A Mazer bowl, 1576	£6,000
De Bry's Voyages (19 vols.)	£13,500
Chinese dinner service	£320
15th-century MS. Hebrew Bible	£290
A Hepplewhite bookcase	£235
An Adam cabinet	£230
A Persian manuscript	£150
A chiming bracket-clock	£124
A Rembrandt engraving	£120
K'Ang-Hsi Famille Verte vase	£105
Silver and ivory cup	£100
6 Queen Anne dessert spoons	£71
George I silver tobacco box	£70
Channel Isles 5s piece, 1809	£50
Charles II tumbler cup	£47
Birmingham copper 6d, 1813	£15

## BURMA FOR THE BURMANS

### Its Separation From India LAND OF EASE AND HONEY

Burma, the biggest Province of British India, is to be separated from India, and the claim of Burma for the Burmans is to be satisfied.

This important decision was reached at an early stage of the Round Table Conference in St James's Palace, and promises well for the success of the conference in other matters.

The Province of Burma covers over 262,000 square miles, and has a population of about 13 million people, of whom eight millions are Burmese. The Burmese are a sturdy, brown, black-haired race, somewhat easy-going, but very independent and democratic. They have been described as "the most engaging people in the East."

Burma is a land of pagodas, for Buddhism rules the social life of the country.

Picture on page 3

## HOSPITALS AND THE GET-RICH-QUICKERS

All C.N. readers will be glad to read this warning from Mr W. G. Player, who, with his brother Mr John Player, has contributed £150,000 to the Nottingham Hospital in the last three years.

I hope with all my heart that hospitals in this country will keep clear of sweepstakes. I hope that as money is wanted we shall raise it in the right spirit and not in the get-rich-quick spirit of people who want to get something for nothing.

The success of the sweep for Irish hospitals has caused everyone connected with hospitals to consider that form of income-raising, but on the other hand one is bound to wonder whether money so raised is worth it. I am thankful that this hospital has managed to get along without sweepstakes, and as long as I am president I hope we shall continue to do so.

## THE HIGHEST POINT YET REACHED

### Climbers on the Himalayas THE EVEREST MYSTERY

A party is to leave England in the New Year for an attempt on another Himalayan height, Mount Kamet, which has hitherto been unconquered. It is over 25,400 feet high, so that, if they succeed, the victors might claim the distinction of having climbed to a greater height than has ever been climbed before.

The only doubt is whether Irvine and Mallory, of the tragic Everest expedition, really gained their goal on the top-most peak of the world. They passed out of sight, lost in a cloud, and died on the scene of their attempt and we shall never know how high they climbed until another expedition finds them.

Even then we may not be certain. They may have won, and failed on the return journey. They may have fallen before or after victory. They may have been frozen to death as they rested, exhausted after the last effort which brought them to the summit.

The romantic story that one of the party, left behind at a lower level, saw them, four hours after they should have reached the top, crossing the face of the height only 800 feet below the peak, is doubted, on the ground that the observer was four miles away and may have mistaken flying birds near at hand for men toiling at a distance. See World Map

## PRIVATE

It, in these days of little flats and noisy streets, we desire to have a really intimate and secret talk with Brown, Jones, or Robinson, we can always take him into a Tube station and converse on the emergency staircase.

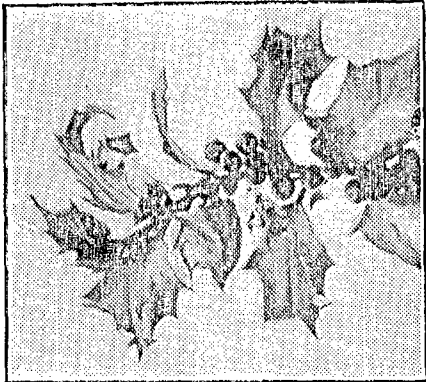
Sir Max Pemberton



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 20 1930

## UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH



YE who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.

LET sinned against, and sinning,  
Forget their strife's beginning  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken  
Under the holly bough.

YE who have loved each other,  
Sister and friend and brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here;

AND let your hearts grow fonder  
As memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow.  
Old love and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing  
Under the holly bough.

YE who have nourished sadness,  
Estranged from hope and glad-  
ness,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye with o'erburthened mind,  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come gather here.

LET not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morrow;  
If e'er you hoped, hope now:  
Take heart, uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces  
Under the holly bough.

Charles Mackay



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

## Something for Nothing

ONE thing all sane men agree upon  
is that what the world wants  
most is honest work.

And the other day at lunch-time the  
streets were full of newspaper posters  
all offering something for nothing.

Pretending to offer, we should have  
said, for there is no such thing as  
something for nothing. At the very  
least it must cost us our self-respect.

## They Fly Forgotten

WE continue to receive letters about  
the verse in O God, Our Help  
in Ages Past, in which Dr Watts says  
of the dead

They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

A correspondent reminds us that  
the hymn, a version of the goth Psalm,  
was entitled by its author "Man  
Frail, God Eternal," and he adds that  
it exactly conforms to its title. It was  
not written for a Cenotaph service,  
and to make it fit such a service is to  
put it out of its setting.

That is what we feel. One of its  
verses is misplaced in the service. The  
verse emphasises the evanescence of  
earthly life and its rapid passage into  
forgetfulness; but the object of the  
Cenotaph service is to emphasise the  
truth that there are things of the  
spirit eternal in their character, and  
that the stupendous self-sacrifice repre-  
sented by the Cenotaph is of that  
nature. It is a call on men to concen-  
trate on such an eternity of sacred  
memory as will make the charge of  
forgetfulness untrue.

Dr Watts's hymn may be the  
greatest in the language, but this par-  
ticular verse is not fitting at a  
memorial service.

## A Little Talk in Piccadilly

WE have often wondered what men  
talk about. Now we know.

This is from the Society Gossip of a  
respected contributor to a London  
daily, with a circulation mounting to-  
ward two millions. He had met a  
gentleman in Piccadilly wearing a  
double-breasted overcoat with very  
short and very wide lapels, and a  
remarkably fine set of the shoulders.

He was bent on explaining that his hair was  
longer than it should be because over the  
week-end he had stayed at a country house  
where the steam heating was more potent than  
in an American hotel. "It always makes my  
hair grow," he said.

We can thoroughly recommend our  
barber.

## Christmas Toys

A Warning

ONE more little child has been burned to  
death through its celluloid doll catching  
fire, this time at Salford.

While Parliament talks in the presence of  
this continuing tragedy, the C.N. begs its readers  
to refuse to buy celluloid toys.

It is a crime against our little ones.

## The Shut Window

IN one of the few good plays now on  
the London stage, the play which  
shows us the Brownings in Wimpole  
Street, one of the surprising things is  
the fact that the children were afraid  
to open the window to let air into a  
sick room.

It may seem to be exaggerated, but  
was it not Grace Darling who died  
from living in a room with no window  
that would open?

What we do know for certain is that  
there is a farmhouse in Cornwall with a  
dining-room in which six beautiful  
windows have not been opened once in  
five hundred years.

## Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT complains that post-  
office pens are worse than ever. They  
don't come up to the scratch.

THERE is no unemployment in the  
crime industry in Chicago.

THE Mayor of Chicago has called Mr  
Hearst the greatest American.  
Big Bill Thompson is too modest.

A SOCIETY lady, we read in a great  
daily, has bought two terriers. We

hasten to announce  
the exclusive news  
that a boy in our  
village has bought  
two rabbits.

TRUTH may be  
stranger than fic-  
tion, but nobody  
would believe it.

A BOY must make  
his way in the  
world, declares a  
speaker. But he  
wants to make some-  
thing out of it.

THE women's an-  
nual beauty bill  
is said to be about  
100 millions. And

most of its products are ugly.

THE War Museum is likely to go to  
Bedlam. It is hard to see any  
objection.

PATRIOTISM calls us to offer a hand,  
declares a politician. Not palm up.

A PETERBOROUGH man swallowed  
eighty-seven nails. Time he started  
on a new tack.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ONE B.B.C. charity appeal last  
summer brought in £3600.

A TREE has been planted at Darley  
Dale dedicated to Lord Baden-  
Powell and all Good Scouts.

OVER £40,000 was collected at a dinner  
at the Guildhall for the Children's  
Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

## JUST AN IDEA

Life will give you anything if you will  
learn how to take it.

## Rhymes of Peter Puck

## Parcel Time

NOW comes the season of the year  
When Christmas Day is draw-  
ing near;

And almost everyone you meet  
Is carrying parcels in the street:  
Bishops and judges, soldiers,  
sailors,  
Policemen, hatters, grocers, tailors,  
All such as write and sell our  
papers,  
Milliners, barbers, and all drapers,  
Some long, some stout, some short,  
some tall,

Join in the Great Processional;  
And clergy of all Churches find  
They share at last a common  
mind;

And Labour, Liberal, and Tory  
Are thinking of the self-same  
story:

And parcels brown and parcels  
white

And parcels heavy, parcels light,  
And parcels from all kinds of lands  
Are dangling on all sorts of hands.  
And many million yards of string  
Do hold them tight like anything

Oh, what a jolly time of year  
When Christmas Day is drawing  
near!

## The Island That Did Not Want to Stay

A small islet flung up by the volcanic island  
of Krakatoa, near Sumatra, has disappeared  
this year.

A BABY island dwelt of yore  
Beneath the wavelets blue,  
Where corals lie and lovely shells  
And fish of rainbow hue.

BUT "Let me see the world (he  
cried),  
I weary of the deep";  
So through the waves he thrust  
his head  
And gave the world a peep.

A copy of the *Daily Howl*  
Came floating on the sea  
With headlines screaming Murder!  
Fire!  
Divorce, and Burglary.

THE island saw, the island  
ducked,  
And vanished with a swish.  
"If that's the world of men (he  
said)  
Then let me live with fish."

A very much better world would the little  
island have discovered had it peeped into  
Arthur Mee's Story Book, the Editor's Gift  
Book for this Christmas, crammed with stories  
of good things that have really happened.

## It's Wiser Being Good Than Bad

It's wiser being good than bad;  
It's safer being meek than fierce:  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud Earth ever stretched  
That, after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be  
fetched;  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove  
accurst.

Robert Browning

## The Prayer of Socrates

Grant me to become inwardly beau-  
tiful, and that all my outwardly goods  
may prosper my inner soul.



December 20, 1930

## The Children's Newspaper

7

WHAT SHALL WE DO  
WITH OUR BIRDS?PROBLEM OF THE  
STARLINGSDriving the Rooks to Eat  
the Farmer's Crops

## SIGHTS OF LONDON

By Our Natural Historian

Country readers of the C.N. visiting London for the Christmas holidays may see for themselves a wonder of the City which few rural areas can rival.

London is swarming with birds: gulls and other migrants on the river and in the parks, wood-pigeons and unnumbered hosts of starlings.

The best time to see them, or at any rate to discover their presence, is in the afternoon when the light begins to fail and they are making for their roosting-places. There are many sites: the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields. The most impressive gathering of all, however, is round St Paul's.

## Round St Paul's

To walk round the cathedral in the early evening and hear the chattering, gurgling, whistling multitude above, as they fight for places, is enough to suggest that half the aviaries of the world have emptied their living contents upon the roof and towers of the great temple.

London is proud of its bird population, and loves these visitors which come home to it to roost; and this statement is in no way modified by the fact that the huge hordes of semi-wild pigeons in the City have had to be thinned out.

The thinning-out of pigeons does, however, suffice to remind the stay-at-home Londoner that the country as a whole has a bird problem of growing intensity. These London starlings themselves, which forage far afield by day and return in marvellous order to sleep in the City, are one of the most serious elements of the problem. In London itself starlings are an unmixed blessing: they do an enormous amount of good in freeing lawns and borders of leather-jackets and other pests.

## Robbing the Farmer

But, as visitors to town know, there is quite another story to tell of starlings in the country. They have become so numerous that what we should think their natural food, grubs and insects and so on, is insufficient. By sheer weight of numbers they have destroyed woods in Cornwall as the passenger pigeon used to do in America. Moreover, they have taken to eating grain.

They rob the fields of the seed corn the farmer has sown.

This in itself is serious, but the Ministry of Agriculture points out an extraordinary effect. Our rooks used to be as beneficial to agriculture as starlings now are to London gardeners, but the ever-increasing hordes of starlings compete so fiercely with them for food that the starlings have driven the larger birds to rob the farmer's crops. E. A. B.

THE L.C.C. PULLS DOWN  
MORE SLUMS

## A Five-Years Building Scheme

The slums of London are coming down faster than we think.

The L.C.C. is proposing to build over 28,000 new houses in the next five years and, more important still, it hopes to demolish about 100 acres of slums in which 30,000 of our unfortunate fellow-citizens now dwell. It will be necessary to build over 6000 houses and tenements for these slum-dwellers and others affected by clearance schemes.

These schemes will cost a sum of over £21,000,000, but every pound will be well worth the spending.

## BIG BANANA JOINS THE COUNTRY CIRCUS

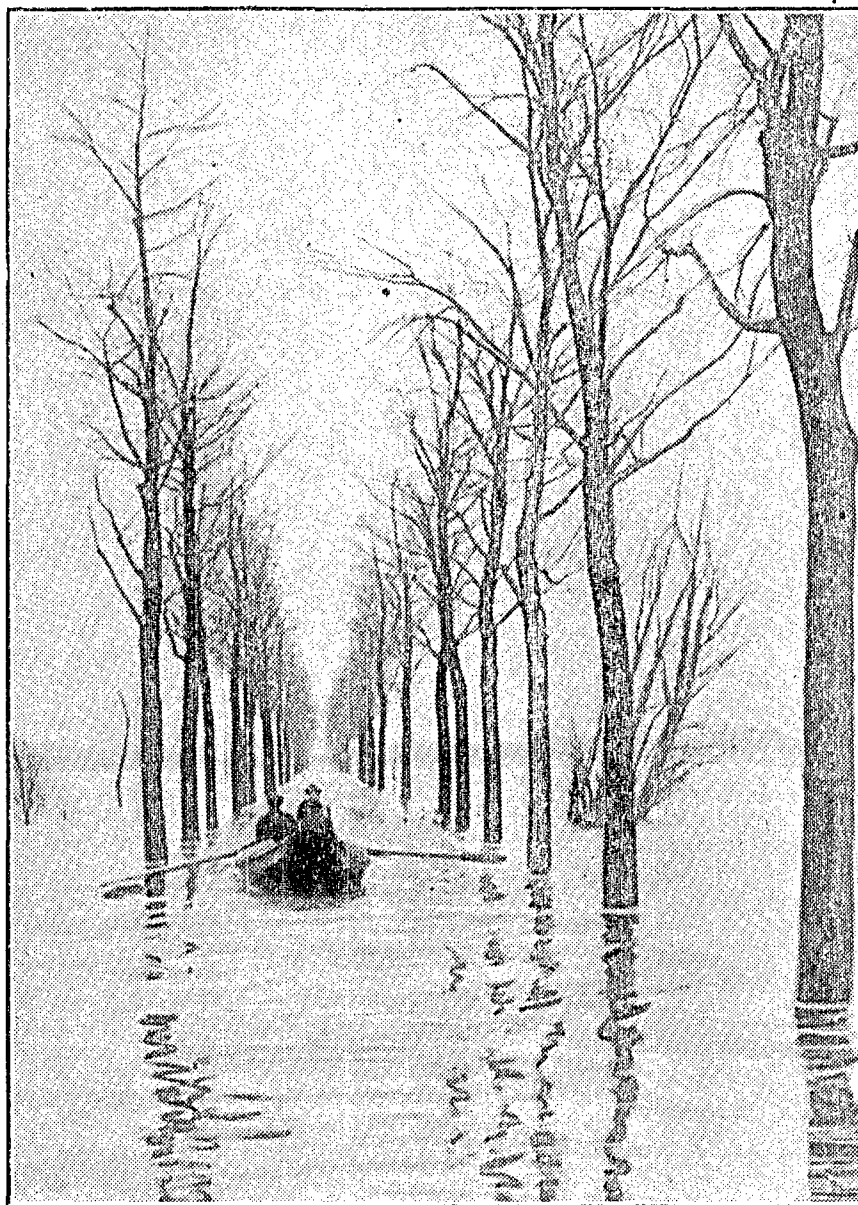
MANY inane things have appeared in the countryside since Aunt Sally came, and it would be difficult to beat the gawky erections that have been put up by the petrol companies.

But surely the prize for the height of the ridiculous is won by a huge painted banana about a yard long which is now stuck up outside petty shops. We suppose there is no more attractive little place in England than the old Cornish harbour of Bosccastle, yet as we ran down into it the other day the first shop we saw had 25 enamel signs stuck over it, plus the Big Banana, while the second shop had 20 signs in

addition to three Aunt Sallys in their three gaudiest costumes.

It would seem as if some evil genius had fallen upon some of our villages and sought to make them detestable to look upon; but what shall we say to those who have the power to stop these things and do not use it? The devastated areas of France can hardly have been worse, and they at least have passed away. The devastated areas of England grow more and more, while societies are formed in hundreds, local authorities look on, and Parliament is too occupied with other things to attempt to lend a hand.

## BOATING ALONG THE HIGHWAY



The recent heavy rains have caused widespread floods in Holland. This picture shows a boat in use on one of the submerged roads.

## OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

EVERYBODY admires the pioneer who goes ahead and cuts a road where there was none before.

Such a pioneer has just died, at 71, in Mary Elizabeth Bullock, who established the first school clinic in London.

Her father was a country clergyman, and she early learned how much ill-health there was among the young children of the poor. She determined to be a district nurse, and during her training she came to know Florence Nightingale, who proved her good friend.

She began district nursing at Hammer-smith, and started to visit the schools. Her charm and tact ensured her welcome by the teachers, and afterwards she would visit the homes of the little patients to explain to the mothers how to treat minor ailments.

She thought what a saving of time it would be, and how many more children could be helped, if there were a clinic

to which children and parents could attend in the lunch hour.

By getting up jumble sales, by begging, and by an immense amount of persuasion, Miss Bullock built an outpatient department in the garden of the Taybridge Home at Battersea.

That was the pioneer school clinic. It soon became famous in the medical world, and foreign doctors who visited London always asked to see it.

One day a State inspector visited the clinic, and found it a perfect model of efficiency and economy. As a result of that visit Miss Bullock was allowed to use public funds, and fresh clinics sprang up.

Miss Bullock was a gifted woman, and if she had been ambitious could have made money and a name. She preferred to devote her life to helping the sick children of poor people.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A JOHN WILLIAMS  
HEROSEA COOK OF THE  
MISSIONARY BOATFighting the Stormy Waves  
for Over an Hour

## ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT

What does a hero look like?

We do not perhaps imagine him as a man occupied with pots and pans and cookery, wearing a white apron and a white hat. Yet Mr G. Jenkins, whom so many hundreds of British boys and girls saw busy in the cook's galley on board the missionary ship John Williams V when they visited the ship this summer, has proved to be one of those everyday heroes who make us proud of humanity.

Five days after the John Williams left the Clyde on her way to Fiji, to act as the link between the islands where the London Missionary Society is at work in the South Seas, the boat ran into a terrible storm. On his arrival at Panama Captain Hope Evans cabled to London that the boat had arrived safely, but that one of the seamen had been lost. Details have only just reached London as to what actually happened.

## Man Overboard

Suddenly the cry went up "Man overboard!" Three sailors had been standing on the bowsprit taking in a jib sail when the boat dipped into a huge wave, and young Alexander Samuel of Queensferry had been swept into the water. Before the lifeboat could be launched Cook Jenkins dashed to the side and, slipping on a lifebelt, dived into the water.

There was Samuel struggling in the waves, unable to swim, and weighted down by great sea boots which filled with water, dragging him down. The lifeboat, with four men aboard, tried to reach the drowning man also, but their efforts, and those of the ship's cook, were unfortunately in vain. The strength of the seas was too much for them, and Samuel sank from view. Then the boat turned its attention to the cook. But the waves for nearly an hour made it impossible to get near him, and for an hour he swam and floated in the icy water.

## Lifeboat Abandoned

Finally they got him on board, and eventually all reached the deck of the John Williams safely. But they could not save the lifeboat. It was smashed against the ship's side by the force of the water and had to be abandoned.

The cook's action, writes the missionary skipper of the boat to the Committee of the London Missionary Society, was one of magnificent heroism. "We deplore the loss of Alexander Samuel," said the L.M.S. when the news reached them, "but we are intensely proud of Jenkins, and have placed the fact before the Royal Humane Society." Mr Jenkins comes from Walton, Liverpool.

The incident shows the stuff of which the crew of the little missionary ship is made. It is good news that the boat has suffered little damage from her buffeting, and is expected to arrive at her headquarters at Suva, in Fiji, by Christmas.

## WHERE WAS CAVELLA?

The museum at Reading is famous for its collection of Roman remains from Silchester, the old city now buried under a cornfield near by.

The curator, Mr Smallcombe, has been examining some pottery that has been unearthed near Prospect Park, Reading. It is undecorated and is stated to go back to 200 A.D. Further excavations are to be made in the hope of finding a Roman villa.

This discovery has once more raised the question of where below our soil lies the old Roman town of Cavella. Many antiquaries place it at Silchester in Hampshire, but other authorities think it may have been at Reading.



## BRIGHTER POST OFFICES

### AND MORE OF THEM

The Poor Places in Which State Business is Often Done

### WHAT THE G.P.O. OWES THE PUBLIC

The Post Office now makes a profit of nine million pounds a year, which is excellent, but it cannot be said that it gives complete satisfaction to the public.

The G.P.O. should remember that it exercises a complete monopoly, and when one has a monopoly it is easy enough to make profit, as no one else can compete in the business.

The official post offices are of two sorts. There are those wholly devoted to post office business. These are usually very dull and badly-fitted places, which do not even take the trouble to advertise the many sorts of business they transact.

### Services Not Generally Known

This is a great mistake. A post office, within and without, should clearly state the business it is prepared to do. It should be a beautiful, bright building, worthy of a great nation. The majority of our people do not know how many kinds of business it is possible to transact at a post office. To take one example, few people know that by drawing a blue line down the middle of a letter and putting an extra sixpenny stamp on it the letter will be sent out by a special messenger when it arrives at its local point of distribution. If such services were known they would be much used. Every post office should help to make them known.

Curiously, the post offices are usually hidden up by streets. Thus there are no longer offices in Oxford Street or Regent Street; they have been hidden round corners as if they were ashamed of themselves. So it comes about that while we can buy unimportant articles in these important streets we cannot buy a stamp or send a telegram.

### Jam Pots and Public Files

Now let us turn to the other kind of post office, the branch offices set up in tradesmen's shops. It is surprising to find that such so-called post offices still exist in important districts of London. Any corner of a shop, however dark or unsuitable, is thought by the Postmaster-General to be good enough for post office business. It is not uncommon to see jam pots associated with the public files, and in one case we saw a confectionery box used for registered letters. Very often the sub-offices afford only a few feet of space for the transaction of scores of kinds of post office business.

As all local tradesmen now observe the excellent custom of early-closing day it follows that these sub-offices are shut for many hours on one day in the week. In one important district the public have on early-closing day to go over a mile to buy a stamp.

### Inadequate Deliveries

Then there are the deliveries. These are woefully inadequate in both town and country, and at week-ends the poor collection and delivery of letters cause the greatest inconvenience. Swift communication is a necessity of civilisation, and it is strange the post office should have to be informed of it after all these years.

We are not advocates of Sunday labour but facilities for sending telegrams should exist continuously, night and day, all over a great country. Matters of life and death, matters profoundly affecting human life, are commonly arising and calling for immediate communication; and it is the duty of the post office to make this possible.

In a word, what is wanted is that this immense national business, with its

## WILL CARLETON DAY

### A Poet's Honour in His Own Country

Michigan has been keeping Will Carleton Day.

The rest of the world knows little about Will Carleton, but some of us are familiar with four pithy lines he wrote: Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds; You can't do that way when you're flying words; Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead; But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

The man who wrote that homely warning was the poet of the working-people. He was born in a log-house not far from Hudson, in Michigan, before the Civil War. He was a merry child, and a natural eloquence welled up within him. His father, a farmer, was not pleased to hear the boy holding a long conversation with the old horse, nor to catch him making a speech to a field of corn.

### Telling the News in Verse

Will Carleton started to write verse at eight. His favourite sister went away to school and he wrote her long letters in rhyme. It was just as easy for him to tell the news in verse as in prose, and the jingles flowed from his pen as smoothly as a brook.

One day he sent a poem to the Toledo Blade. The man who opened Carleton's letter cast an eye over the verses and threw them into the wastepaper basket. By a stroke of good fortune the editor afterwards chanced to look at the basket, and curiosity led him to lift up the bundle of verses.

They were about the troubles of an old countryman and his wife, and the poem was called Betsey and I are Out. He liked their humour and the swing of them, and they were printed. Soon they were copied all over America, and Harpers were only too glad to publish Carleton's first book, Farm Ballads.

All Americans enjoyed his work, but the country folk loved it above all others, because he wrote of homely things and was their own chronicler. It seemed to them that he did them honour by turning their daily toil into poetry. Even before his death (in 1912) they used to celebrate his birthday in Michigan; the humble log-hut where he went to school was decorated, and crowded with farmers, mayors, and students to do him honour. Nearly everyone knew some of his work by heart.

### Birthday Celebrations

Today a highway is called after him, a great boulder is set up as a memorial opposite his home, and his birthday is celebrated by ceremonies in the schools and by the broadcasting of his songs. The University of Michigan and the Detroit Public Library have held an exhibition of his manuscripts, but he does not really belong to the scholars. Will Carleton lives in the hearts of the farmers and the labourers, and long after the fashionable poets of the day are forgotten the homesteads of Michigan will laugh over quarrelsome Betsey and sigh over the old mother tramping to the poorhouse. There was no need for his countrymen to found a memorial association for the People's Poet.

Continued from the previous column

millions of profit, should give us in the shortest possible time:

*A continuous telephone and telegraphic service throughout the country, night and day.*

*An easily seen standard-type post office wherever necessary.*

*More boxes with telephones and stamp machines and means for sending telegrams.*

*Better publicity of what the Post Office is ready to do for us.*

If the P.M.G. would cover himself with honour and make his name remembered let him do at least some of these things.

## THE TREASURE OF THE NATION

### How Parliament Wastes It

There is a matter we respectfully commend to the attention of the House of Commons, whose time, as Mr. Gladstone said, is the treasure of the nation.

As we have before pointed out, weeks of time are wasted every year by the old-fashioned method that is still used of taking votes in Parliament.

When votes are taken the members pass right and left into long lobbies and their names are ticked off on lists as they pass through gangways, each member being counted bodily like a sheep. The result is that each division takes from fifteen to twenty minutes; and sometimes hours are wasted on a single day merely in voting. Such is the waste of time that goes on in the Mother of Parliaments while great causes languish for the want of it.

### Why Not Mechanical Voting?

One of the suggestions we have made in the C.N. is that by an electric system of buttons on each desk a division could be taken in a few minutes, and the result automatically declared. This would entail enlarging the House of Commons to give a seat to every member, for at present there is only room for about half the members. There need be no difficulty about this, however, for if the lobbies were thrown into the House room could easily be made for all the members. While the alteration was being made, Parliament could meet in Westminster Hall.

We rejoice to see that in France the mechanical voting method has been adopted, and the divisions are in future to be taken by the members merely pressing buttons Yes or No.

## THE DUMB DRIVEN CATTLE

### And the Human Brute

Here is a picture from life by a Derbyshire lady.

On going to my front door I saw on the other side of the village street four cows. No one was about.

It was a cold, drizzling afternoon, and they looked forlorn. I watched them anxiously for ten minutes or more, and not one stirred a step, but sometimes one or other would turn its head in its slow, bovine way. A few yards from where they stood a steep hill curves down into this road.

Many motorists passed, looking surprised to see cattle alone, but all of them drove very carefully by. One of the cows stood crosswise in the middle of the road, and the motors passed within a few inches of her nose, but she stood motionless.

At last a man, a dog, and another cow appeared. Then one of the waiting cows gave a low "moo" of welcome. This was the only sound they made. Quickly they were turned round and headed off, the dog harrying them. Then the man hit them with a stick and continued to hit them till they were out of sight.

And this after the lucky fellow had found his patient creatures waiting quietly and safely!

I thought of Longfellow's "dumb driven cattle."

### A BIG BARKER

The biggest barker in the world is being made for a paper manufactory at Port Alice in British Columbia.

A barker is not a dog, but a new kind of machine which has been invented to make trees go farther. Nearly a fifth of the timber cut for making paper pulp is lost because the tops of the trees cannot be used.

The big barker will be able to strip the bark from logs ten feet long, which are then passed to a chipping machine, and with its help practically the whole tree will be turned into paper pulp.

## THE GREEN MOUND ON THE HILL

### Why is It There?

### A BARROW AND ITS STORY

Near many an English village there is a sloping field with a little green mound on the crest, and everyone is sure that it is the grave of an ancient king. Once children thought these barrows were the graves of giants, but now they believe in giants no longer and wonder what is the secret of the barrow.

Mr E. S. Winbolt, who has been excavating some Hampshire barrows in a valley at Hinton-Ampner, has told us how the ancient burials may be reconstructed, and his words will make the barrows more interesting for many of us.

When a great man died in ancient Britain a grave was dug on a small level platform, and over it was built a pyre. Then, as the red flames danced upon the green slope, his friends carried the dead man to the pyre. Presently the grave was filled with ashes, and then came the mourners, each carrying a stone to place upon it, till there was a great cairn of flints where once had been a fire.

### Time and the Ploughman

There must have been crowds of warriors, womenfolk, and perhaps slaves standing on the slope in those days, stone in hand, to do their chieftain honour and bid him farewell.

At last the cairn was covered with alternate layers of earth and embers. It was probably over ten feet high in those days, and Time and the ploughman have worn it away. The same kind of wild flowers grow on it now as when the grave was only a year old, the same blue butterflies flicker by, the same lark song is sung.

Those ancient ancestors of ours served their dead by leaving them at rest. The valley is theirs. Still more people who walk about a barrow will wonder what sort of man lies in the grave, and he will be remembered after every inscription in the churchyard is worn out.

*Others abide our question. Thou art free. We ask and ask; thou smilest and art still.*

What Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare we may say of the ashes in the barrow on the hill.

## CONCERTINA PAPERS

### Are They Coming?

Imagine, if you please, the C.N. printed in such a way that its columns did not run as this one does from top to bottom of the page but from side to side.

Imagine, further, the C.N. folded, not so that its easily-opened pages were arranged as now, but so that when the first page was held by its sides the others would fall open below it something like the collections of a dozen seaside views in one little book.

The seaside views fall open like a concertina, and this concertina method of printing a newspaper, which has often been suggested, is now to be tried in France. At any rate, a patent has been taken out for it.

Its advantage to a reader in a Tube train or any crowded railway carriage would not be great if the newspaper were the C.N., which is of a convenient small size; but in a large newspaper it would do away with the inconvenience of opening out wide pages, which are often many in number and have a tendency to fall away from one another.

The concertina newspaper would be printed, not in a number of these separate sheets afterwards folded together, but in one sheet.

The inventors claim that this would be an economy to newspaper proprietors in both printing and folding. But the main question is whether readers would like this revolution of a newspaper method to which they have been accustomed ever since newspapers were printed; and that we must doubt. In the end the public rules.

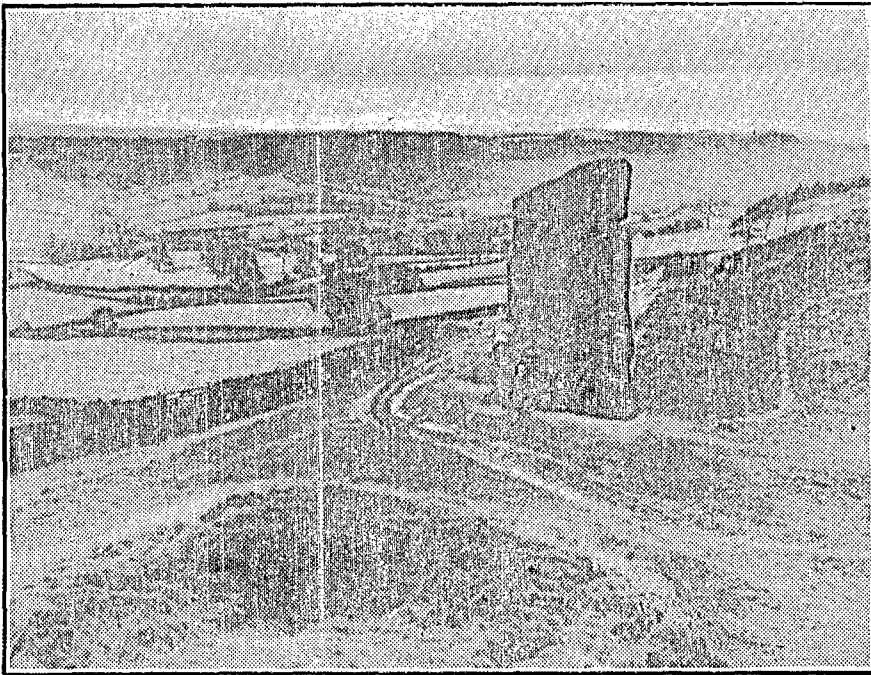


December 20, 1930

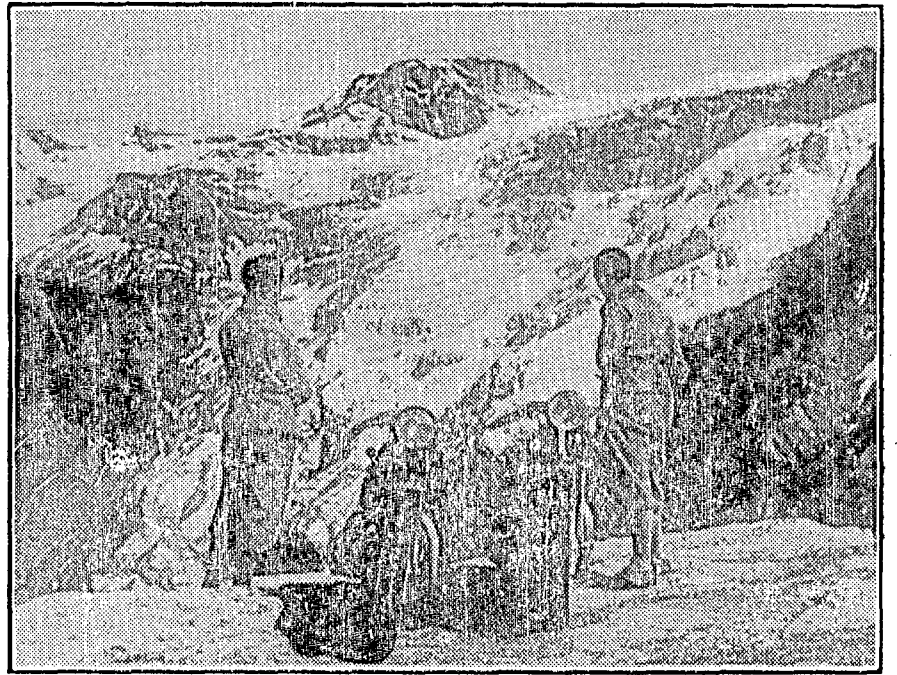
The Children's Newspaper

9

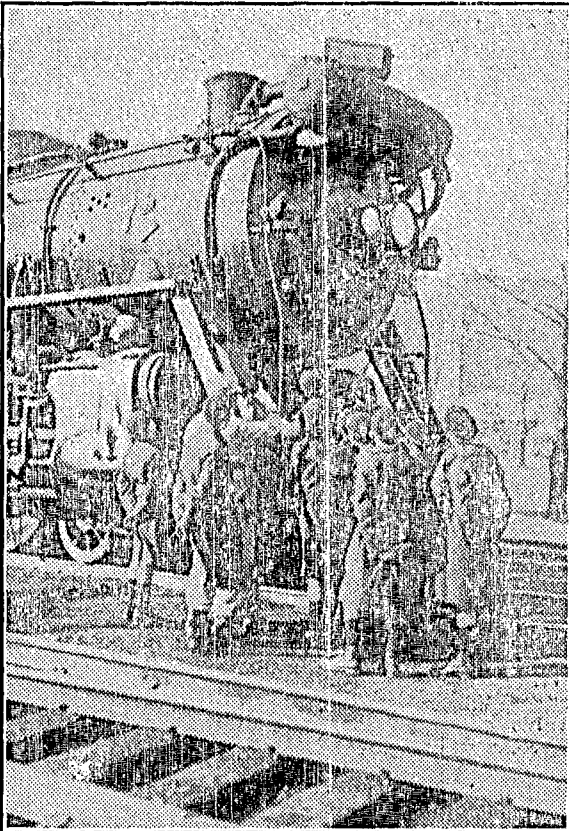
# GIRL JUGGLERS · ELEPHANT'S TRAIN JOURNEY · SHOPKEEPING SCHOOL



**Beauty Spot for the Nation**—The first place of Derbyshire to be acquired for the National Trust is Alport Height, 1000 feet high, between Ambergate and Wirksworth. Here is the famous Alport Stone, a striking feature of the picturesque Dale district.



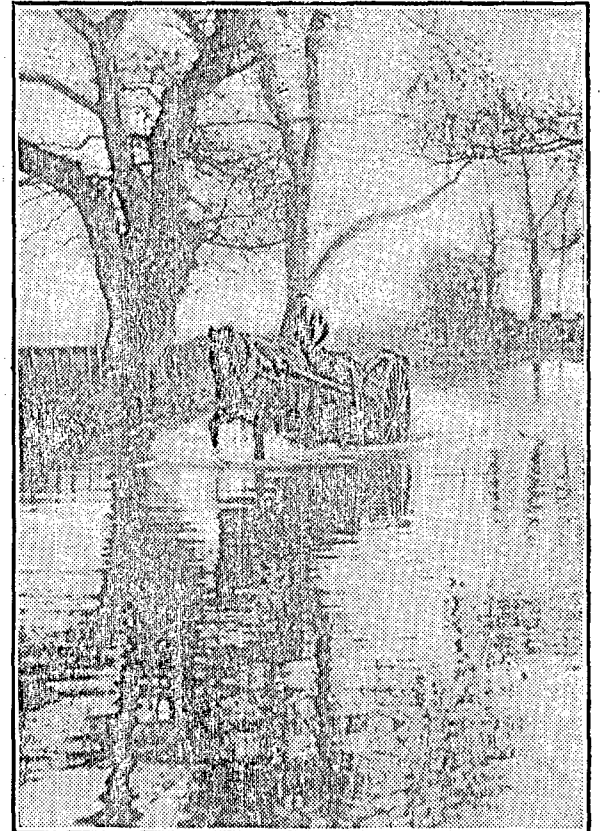
**Motor-Cycling in the Mountains**—Two Austrian motor-cyclists, on British machines, have just crossed the region of jagged and isolated peaks known as the Dolomites from Tirol to Carinthia. This picture shows them looking down on a glacier.



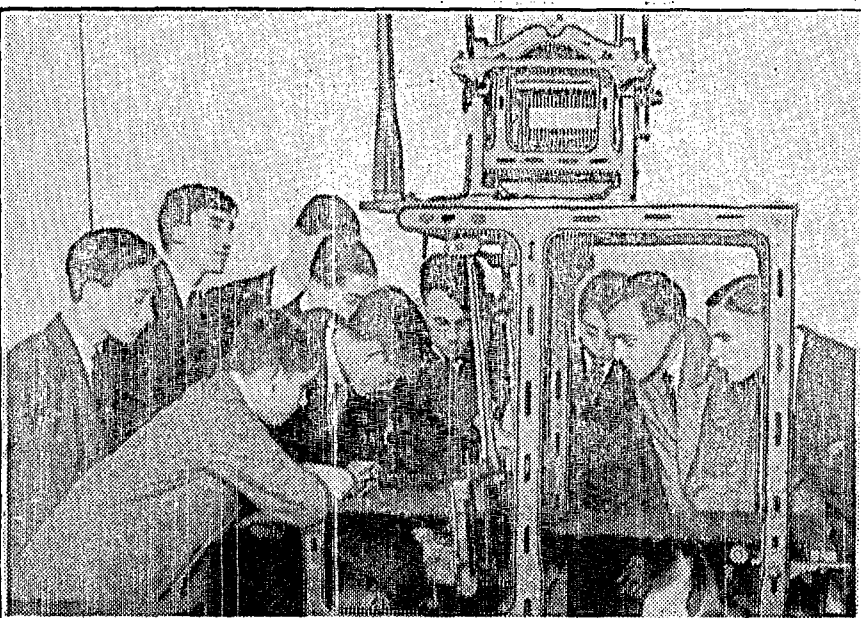
**English Choir Boys in Canada**—Boys of the Savoy Chapel choir who have been making a tour in Canada are here inspecting a locomotive of the Canadian National Railways.



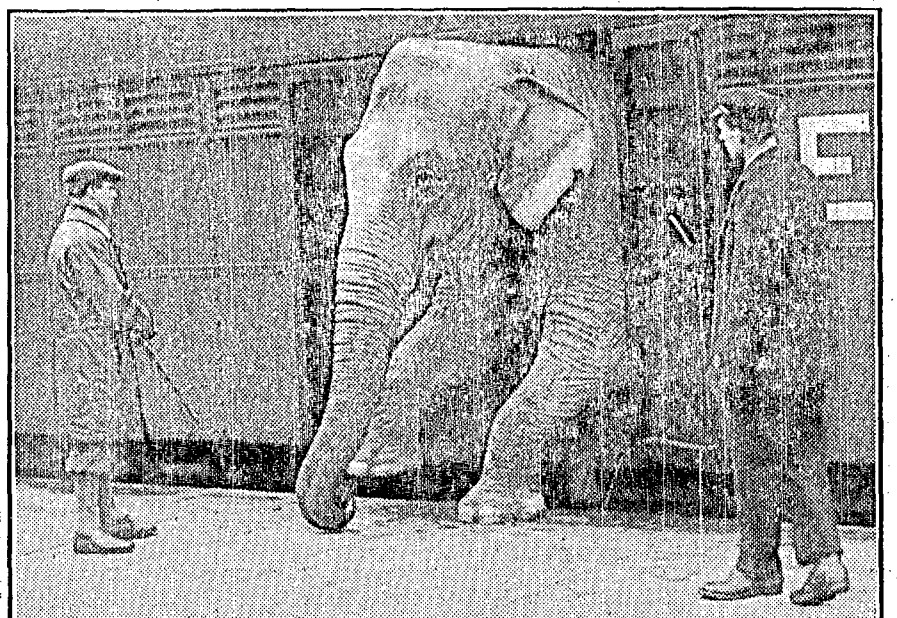
**Juggling for Deportment**—An exercise by which girls of Pengwern College, Cheltenham, learn good deportment is to balance a plate and an orange on their heads while juggling.



**After the Heavy Rains**—When taking milk to the local depot this farmer of a village near Shrewsbury had to drive his cart through a flooded lane, as shown in our picture.



**Shopkeeping School**—The L.O.O. has a school at Westminster in which boys and girls are trained in retail trades. Students are here seen watching a demonstration of weaving.



**A Bulky Passenger**—Four elephants travelled from Sheffield to London by train the other day. Here we see one of them having some difficulty in getting out of his van.



## SANCTUARY

### Sacred Homes of Dear Dumb Things AN ENGLISH LIST

Every C.N. reader must deplore the disappearance from our midst of any interesting species of bird or flower or insect. Many wild creatures formerly inhabiting or visiting England are never found among us today.

In recent years steps have been taken to reserve certain areas as the natural haunts of birds and insects and to preserve them for all time from any action tending to drive them away. For many years London has had a society for Promoting Nature Reserves, with offices at the Natural History Museum, and the society maintains a few reserves and assists others under the care of the National Trust or of local authorities.

As there appears to be no list of such Nature Sanctuaries the C.N. would be glad to compile one, and we give the following list as a nucleus, in the hope that our readers will let us know of others.

**Bagington.** Outside Coventry. A farm belonging to the Coventry City Council in which birds and wild life generally are preserved.

**Blakeney Point.** In Norfolk. An area of 1100 acres of coastland with interesting birds and plants. Owned by the National Trust.

**Buwell Fen.** In Cambridgeshire. About 300 acres of wet rushland. Owned by the National Trust. The home of rare insects, plants, and birds.

**Camborne North Cliffs.** In Cornwall. A large cave on private property which is the chief breeding-place of seals on this coast.

**Farne Islands.** Off Northumberland. A group of islands on which thousands of wild sea-birds breed. Owned by the National Trust.

**Hawksmoor.** Near Cheadle, Staffordshire. A nature reserve of over 200 acres. Owned by the National Trust.

**Hightown Common.** In Hampshire. Heathland of 40 acres, with rare birds and insects. Owned by the National Trust.

**Meathop Moss.** In Westmorland. An area of 120 acres with rare plants and butterflies. Leased to the Society for Promoting Nature Reserves.

**Romney Marsh.** In Sussex. The haunt of waders and other water-birds and formerly the breeding-place of the avocet. Owned by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

**Scott Head.** In Norfolk. Sand dunes of about 1200 acres, the haunt of wild birds. Owned by the National Trust.

**Wicken Fen.** In Cambridgeshire. Over 275 acres, with rare insects—some species not being known elsewhere—plants and birds. Owned by the National Trust.

**Woodwalton Fen.** In Huntingdonshire. Primitive fenland of 360 acres rich in plant and insect life. Here the large copper butterfly has been restored after its disappearance from England. Owned by the Society for Promoting Nature Reserves.

There are, of course, many large and small private estates and parks which their owners have made sanctuaries for wild life. Among them are Little Easton in Essex, where Lady Warwick forbids the slaughter of any wild creature; and Brownsea Island, in Poole Harbour, the cradle of the Boy Scout Movement, where Mrs Christie, the owner of the island, devotes a great part of her life to fostering and protecting the rare birds and beasts that find their home in its wild woodlands.

The C.N. would welcome the names of similar Sanctuaries established by public authorities or voluntary societies.

Over 100 banks have lately failed in America in ten days.

Four hundred thousand American tourists came to Europe this year; and one in three came to England.

## THE BRONZE BOWL OF WINCHESTER From a Chieftain's Hall in the Long Ago?

*Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth Eternity?*

The Society of Antiquaries could have echoed Keats's words the other day when they met to gaze upon a mysterious bowl dug up near Winchester.

Fragments of other bowls like it have been found in a few rare graves in England and Ireland, but this is the first to be found complete.

The antiquaries wish to know what it was used for, and the bowl gives no answer to their questions, except the answer the Grecian Urn gave to Keats.

Mr W. J. Andrew described to the meeting how a two-acre earthwork called Oliver Cromwell's battery was being examined when the grave of a young warrior was discovered. He lay with his head turned to the rising Sun, a sword knife on his hip, a javelin at his side, and the bowl on his breast encircled by his arms.

### The Bowl Described

It was a pagan burial, and as Hampshire was Christianised in 634 Mr Andrew suggests that the young man probably died about the year 550.

The bowl is a shallow vessel of bronze, nearly a foot across and five inches deep, with three enamelled escutcheons at the side, each with a swan-like head projecting over the frame and forming a loop to hold a small chain-ring. The inside and bottom of the bowl are beautifully decorated with enamel.

Some have said that such bowls were used as hanging lamps, but in that case they would not have been decorated inside. The enamel would prevent them from being used for cooking. They were too wide and shallow for drinking-vessels, and, besides, there are no hanging rings fixed to drinking-bowls.

Mr Andrew thinks such bowls may have been hung in a chieftain's hall simply as ornaments and treasures. It seems likely that this bowl once hung in a young chieftain's hall, and, upon his untimely death, was buried with him as one of his chief treasures.

### A Rival Theory

But Mr Reginald Smith of the British Museum is of opinion that such bowls hung in the first Christian churches. They were perhaps filled with holy water and sometimes carried among the people by the priest so that all might dip their fingers. Fragments of bowls have been found with the Christian symbol on the escutcheon, though the majority bear Celtic patterns.

Mr Smith thinks the Vikings may have carried away these church bowls after plundering a Christian colony, and perhaps that is why we find them in the graves of pagan warriors.

But the only thing we know for certain is that in what are called the Dark Ages there were excellent artist craftsmen in England.

## STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE SHE DID?

The Registrar-General for Scotland has issued his Report for 1929, and he shows that the Scottish population is still falling.

The Scottish population in the middle of 1929 is estimated to have been 4,884,032, which is 9150 less than in the middle of the previous year.

In the past Scotland has contributed not a little to the population of the New World, but it appears that in future she will be a declining factor in the world's population.

More than three-quarters of the fish eaten in this country are now caught by British fishermen.

## A LIFE OF THE WEEK Thackeray and His Books

On December 24, 1863, died William Makepeace Thackeray

Thackeray and Dickens divided honours as novelists of the Victorian Era as Tennyson and Browning halved the laurels as poets, though Dickens and Tennyson were by far the more popular.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta on July 18, 1811. Both his father and grandfather had been in the Indian Civil Service. Educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, he was



Thackeray

not distinguished as a scholar. His choice was to be a writer and an illustrator of books; but he did not score popular success until he was 37, when, following the example of Dickens, he published in monthly numbers his *Vanity Fair*. Then, in the 17 remaining years of his life, he wrote novels that were far above the level of his early writings, the chief being *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*.

As a young man he lived a good deal abroad, writing chiefly humorous sketches which he often illustrated by rough drawings that were amusing rather than artistic. He was on the staff of *Punch* almost from its start, his contributions being chiefly satirical exposures of human pretences and follies that gave little promise of the graver studies of life which were to follow.

Thackeray started and for several years edited the *Cornhill*, the first of the magazines that made a wide popular appeal by contributions that had claims to be literature and covered a wide range of interest. He also succeeded as lecturer on literary and historical subjects. It is, however, by his novels that he will retain a permanent place in the history of English literature.

### Shallow Criticisms

To read and understand him aright it is well that something should be known of the real man. It has been said of him that he was cynical to the point of scorn; that he did not picture the general mass of men, but only a limited range of society and its hangers-on, the snobs; and that the pulse of humanity, with its depth and tenderness, is not to be readily found in his writings.

But these are shallow criticisms. Thackeray was one of the most sensitive of men, and often shielded his own tenderness by a show of unconcern. His own life was sad. His wife early lost her reason. He shrank from the rudeness of gossip. He hated blatant speech and vulgar prying. A rather sore gentleness was born in him.

No novelist has pictured the form of life that we summarise in the word gentleman more tenderly and truly than Thackeray has. He is, too, in his more carefully written books, one of the most perfect writers of finely balanced, cadenced English who ever wielded a pen. Judged by the best of his works, he stands very high on the roll of those who have given the English language its modern supremacy.

### THE HYMN OF THE AIRMEN

The American Episcopal Church has adopted in its hymnal a hymn for airmen. This is the last verse:

*God of the sky and sea,  
We offer thanks to Thee  
For all Thy care.  
Pitying the sparrow's fall,  
Keep safe our birdmen all,  
Father on Thee we call,  
God of the air.*

Slot machines for gas mantles are being installed in South London.

Litter boxes in the parks are being painted bright red to catch the eye of the Litter Lout.

## THE HOUSE BUILT IN THE NIGHT Tale of an Ant Hill

One night a woman woke up in East Africa in a state of terror.

She was Mrs Carl Akeley, who had come that night to a clearing in the Ituri forest where savages were celebrating a funeral by a drunken orgy. They had told her she might sleep in the rest-house, a bamboo structure with thatched roof; and there she had gone to sleep with a revolver under her pillow, a mosquito net over her bed, and a lantern burning low. Wearing by hill marching in the scorching heat she had gone to bed at sunset and slept solidly till four.

Then she awoke shivering with fright. Gripping her revolver she lifted the mosquito veil and peered about. A dark form stood at the foot of her bed; it seemed to be a man. "What do you want?" she shouted.

There was no reply. Lifting the lantern as she levelled the revolver Mrs Akeley found that she had been talking to—an ant hill!

### Jungle Portraits

During her nine hours' sleep the termites had built a hill over three feet high and 96 inches round. They had undermined the ground on which her cot stood, and the movement which woke her was the sinking of one leg of the cot through the thin crust of earth.

Was there ever a better example of the saying: "Don't worry; the worst never happens"?

No wonder Mrs Akeley gives the termite an honourable place in her gallery of *Jungle Portraits* which Macmillans have just published. During the expeditions made with her husband on behalf of the Field Museum of Chicago she learned that size is nothing: a lion is less dangerous than an invisible bacillus may be, and an ant may do more damage than an elephant.

Her book comes at an opportune moment, when there has been a controversy as to the behaviour of baboons. Mrs Akeley once saw a baboon do a heroic thing.

On the edge of a forest clearing four baboon mothers sat on a log nursing their babies while the rest of the troop remained in the forest. It was early morning, and Mrs Akeley was waiting for the troop to come out in order to photograph them. Suddenly the native with her pointed out a leopard stalking the mothers. Almost at the same time there came a roar from the forest from the baboon leader who had seen the danger and was warning the mothers.

### A Heroic Baboon Mother

One of them rose, gave her baby to her neighbour, and ran forward to meet the enemy. The other mothers escaped into the forest with the four babies.

There was a second's pause as the brave mother faced the leopard, and then his terrible paw shot out, laying bare the bone from shoulder to hand. She fastened her teeth into him, none the less; and then out of the forest, to her rescue, came the big baboon leader, and the others followed him. For a few minutes there was a horrible battle, and then there was no more leopard. The baboons retired into the forest, but two of them were groaning, and perhaps they were going to die.

The mother baboon had thrown away her chance of escape in order to delay the attack on the babies, and the big male leader had run from safety to her rescue. They deserve a place in any anthology of animal heroes.

A clock made in 1625 is still keeping good time at a farm at Baldock in Hertfordshire.

About 230,000 people have crossed the English Channel by air during the last ten years.



## THE MOONS OF JUPITER

### A Chance to See Two of Them

### WHAT A MILLION MILES LOOKS LIKE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The dark moonless nights at the beginning of next week will make it possible to get a glimpse of two of Jupiter's moons. These are Ganymede and Callisto, his third and fourth satellites.

Callisto is of about sixth magnitude, and therefore shines like the faintest stars visible to the naked eye on a very clear, dark night. Ganymede is considerably brighter and of about fifth magnitude, and so would be easily seen if only Jupiter was out of the way, for it is his radiance that prevents us seeing his other moons, Io and Europa, as well with the unaided eye.

#### Four Changing Stars

If only the brilliant Jupiter could be blotted out on occasion we should see what appeared as four little stars, arranged more or less in a straight line and alternately changing places in the course of a few hours; but the whole array would not extend, when at their widest, in a line more than half the width of our Moon as she appears to us.

We see, therefore, how very close they must appear to be to Jupiter. Good field-glasses are necessary to see even the outermost moons, Ganymede and Callisto, while the others are invisible, unless the glasses are exceptionally powerful, owing to the glare of the planet.

To perceive Ganymede and Callisto the night should be very clear and dark, and the glasses rested against some support to steady them, while at present observation should be made as late as possible, say not before 9 o'clock, when Jupiter will be high in the south-east sky, the most brilliant object there.

#### Callisto and Jupiter

On any of the nights from Sunday to Wednesday Callisto, the farthest of these two moons from Jupiter, will be seen at an apparent distance of about a third the width of our Moon to the left of his radiant orb. The nights of Monday and Tuesday, December 22 and 23, will be best because Callisto will then appear almost at his farthest from Jupiter, at a distance which represents 1,169,000 miles.

We thus see how small a million miles looks when seen from a distance of nearly 400 million miles, the present distance of Callisto being about 395 million miles from us, Ganymede and Jupiter, of course, averaging about the same.

Now, as Callisto has a diameter of 3,142 miles and Ganymede 3,273 miles, we see that these satellites of Jupiter are about half as wide again as our Moon, which has a diameter of only 2,160 miles.

Ganymede, though larger and much brighter than Callisto, is more difficult to see because he is so much nearer Jupiter, his distance averaging 664,000 miles. This satellite never appears much more than one-sixth the width of our Moon away from Jupiter's brilliant self.

#### When to See Ganymede

The nights of December 21 and 22 are those when Ganymede is most likely to be seen; then he also will be on the left side of the planet. By Thursday he will be on the right side, and on the following Monday, December 29, he will be back on the left side, having completed a revolution of Jupiter in 7 days, 3 hours, 42 minutes.

Callisto takes 16 days, 16 hours, 32 minutes to revolve around Jupiter, and so will not be seen on the right side until about December 30 and 31, returning to the left side about a week later.

Thus it is possible to calculate from week to week on which side of Jupiter these far-off moons may be seen. G.F.M.

## GENEVA DEALS WITH BABEL

### International Organisers Please Note

### EVERYBODY UNDERSTOOD WITHOUT WAITING

The diversity of tongues is no small barrier to international understanding.

When we have the representatives of fifty nations meeting at Geneva we have all the chief languages of the world brought together. In this veritable Babel how is the translation of speech to be made effective?

The old way of translating a speech by repeating it in another language has been superseded at the League, which has found a better way, such as must in time be followed at all international gatherings. We have mentioned it before, but mention it again that it may be more widely known.

#### Sentence by Sentence

Translators sit at microphones, one for each of the chief languages, which are connected with earphones fitted at the desks, having good amplifiers. As a speech is delivered in any language the interpreters instantly translate each sentence and speak softly into the microphone, always keeping a sentence behind the speaker. A delegate is then in the position of being able to listen either to the speaker or to an immediate translation. The speaker himself is not disturbed in any way by this arrangement.

This method of simultaneous translation, as it is called, is very successful, and should do much to help international conferences everywhere.

#### ON THE ROAD TO RUIN

These places on the London-to-Eastbourne road are rapidly but surely ruining their attractiveness:

Hailsham	Norbury
Maresfield	Purley
West Hoathly	Caterham
	Godstone

We were going to add Polegate, but Polegate is so ugly that it would hardly be possible to make it worse. With its glorious opportunity at the foot of the Sussex Downs it has thrown away all hope of attracting anyone in search of beauty, and it is pathetic to see the boards of estate agents offering land for sale.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

**What is the Length of a Southern Railway Rail?**

The metal rail is 45 feet long.

**How High Could a Man Leap if He Could Hop Like a Flea?**

About two hundred times his own height.

**How Many Colours Has the Rainbow?**

Seven: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, the colours of the solar spectrum.

**Do Factory Chimneys and Church Steeples Sway in the Wind?**

Yes; because no material is absolutely rigid. Wind pressure has to be allowed for in all lofty buildings.

**Why Do Stars Twinkle and Not Planets?**

We see the actual bodies of the planets lighted up by the Sun, whereas we only see the light sent out by the fixed stars and not their bodies. The cause of the twinkling has not yet been satisfactorily decided by scientists, but it is due to some interference with the light waves on their path to our eyes.

**Where and How Do the Monkey Nuts Grow?**

The monkey nut is better known in England as the ground-nut or the peanut. It is the fruit of the *Arachis hypogaea*, a leguminous plant growing about two feet high. A native of Brazil, it is cultivated in many warm lands and in hothouses in England. The plant is remarkable for pushing its ovary into the ground, where two nuts ripen in their yellow, wrinkled pod.

## C. L. N.

### More South Africans

### WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE DOING

Number of Members—21,886

South African boys and girls are realising what the Children's League of Nations Union means to the world of today and tomorrow, for during the past three months no less than 133 new members from Cape Province, South Africa, have been enrolled as members. Of this number 46 are pupils of the High School, Adelaide.

Looking back through our letter-bag this year we find this note we forgot to publish at the time. It is from a good member, also of South Africa:

I am glad to hear that the C.L.N. is increasing day by day. I have another member, Anita Den. She is one of the two whom I wrote you about. The other is still saving up. I shall soon be able to send a snapshot of my two sisters and I and perhaps the other members here. I have a friend here who I would like to pick to help me, but he complains that he has not got his sixpence. Somehow or other he will soon be a member.

#### Some Splendid Scrap-Books

In a Dorsetshire school two little girls lately showed a lady visitor some splendid scrap-books in which they had pasted all kinds of cuttings and maps about countries, so that they could understand better the League of Nations and its work. The headmistress had taken the trouble to go out to Geneva and learn something of what was happening there, and like everybody else who has been present at the League Committees, she returned enthusiastic.

In a place of Honour on one of the class-room walls at Tatsfield School in Surrey is a framed Roll of Members card, well designed in two colours, to display the names of those pupils who have joined the C.L.N. This is another very good idea which might well be followed by other schools. New names are added as pupils join.

Among those who have joined during the past week there are 16 new members from Sibford School near Banbury, and seven from Sexey's School at Blackford in Somerset.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members—Baby Deer. Page 1

#### MOTHER JONES

An old lady has just died in New York who was one of its chief citizens though she was poor as could be, had been many times in prison, and was a disturber of the peace.

She was Mother Jones, the strike leader who was in the forefront of any and every strike till her ninetieth year. She was the daughter of Irish immigrants and was always "agin the law."

But everybody was fond of her, and of her quick Irish tongue; and when the police had to take her to prison they apologised for the liberty. Mrs. Jones, who lived to be 100, was not a character to imitate, but there must have been something fine in a woman whom a whole nation called Mother.

Under the will of Mr Herbert Throver of Golders Green £50,000 has been bequeathed to hospitals and charities.

The cheques paying Members of Parliament for November were given a date which does not exist, November 31

# Callard & Bowser's

## Handwriting Competition Result

### PRIZE WINNERS—Class A

1st PRIZE—£5. Mavis Swift, Tintern Lodge, BEXLEY HEATH.

2nd PRIZE—£3. Marjorie Inkster, Riversdale, HESWALL, Cheshire.

3rd PRIZE—£1. Betty Williams, "Marionette," Southampton Road, PORCHESTER.

### PRIZE WINNERS—Class B

1st PRIZE—£5. Esmeralda Gribble, 20, Lockyer Street, PLYMOUTH.

2nd PRIZE—£3. Hilda Cobler, Chircombe, BIDEFORD.

3rd PRIZE—£1. Edith E. Garlick, 73, Norfolk Street, GLOSSOP.

### 50 Consolation Prizes—Class A

THE FIFTY CONSOLATION PRIZES OF PACKETS OF BUTTER SCOTCH for the next in order of merit have been awarded to the following:—

Betty Allen, Springfield, MORTIMER, Berks; David Anstey, 72, Church St., BASINGSTOKE; John Apted, 201, Scarsdale, ASTORIA; Walter B. Ham, Rose Cottage, UPWOOD; Foster Barron, Loughton, Deane, Beech Grove, Whickham, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE; Kenneth Bourke, 61, Oundle Ave., DUSHY, Leeds; Lorna Clatworthy, 95, Ilce Lane, Walton, LIVERPOOL; Clifford Collier, 41, Leonard Rd., PLANCE, S.22; Leonard A. Dalton, 67, Belmont Hill, LEWISHAM, S.E.13; W. J. Dawson, Phingask, FIASERBURGH; Dorothy Dean, 34, Bean Rd., BEXLEY HEATH; Norman Douglas, 20, Burwood Rd., MARCH, Leics; Eastwood, 126, Northfield Rd., Crookes, SHEFFIELD; John Glynn, 23, Third Ave., Bush Hill Park, ENFIELD; Clifford Grange, 26, Pargeter Rd., Warley, BIRMINGHAM; George E. Greenwood, Westville, Oxenhope, nr. KIRKLEY; Ethel Harding, 255, Cromwell Rd., PETERBOROUGH; Roy Harrington, "Portdown Cottage," Willington, EASTBOURNE; Patricia M. Harrison, 27, Laird St., BIRKENHEAD; Maida Hope, Riverview Terrace, BUNESS, N.B., WILSON, N. Irving; The Ashes, Houghton Road, DALSTON, Lamb.; Valerie Isherwood, "The Ark," Buckingham Place, UPPER PARKSTONE; Maira Kane, 15, Scaforth Rd., STIRLING; Denis Kneller, 37, Broad St., SHARFORD; Mary Loughran, 41, Greetwell Gate, LILCOLN; Muriel Luger, 64, Tyldesley Rd., FOREST GATE, E.7; Hope Martin, 18, Trafford Rd., THORNTON HEATH; Harold May, 28, Cromwell Rd., FEETHAM; Jean Ogilvie, Grace Dieu, IPSWICH; Anna O'Neill, Slaggy Cottage, CARLOW, Ireland; Jean Parrott, 1, Rodley Ave., PEACE HAVEN; Ruby Partridge, Greville Villa, nr. GLOUCESTER; Joan Penneft, 30, Coddington Hill, HONOR OAK PARK, S.E.23; R. L. Perry, Wayside, 18, St. Mary's Rd., PITCHFORD; Margaret Smith, 114, Lausdowne Rd., DALSTON, E.8; Iona Stockwell, Bridge, nr. CANTERBURY; Alex H. Stokes, 18, Addington Sq., CAMBERWELL, S.E.5; Jack R. Taylor, 88, Blair Athol Rd., Eccleall, SHEFFIELD; Noral Thompson, 27, Florence Crescent, Southwick, SUDBURY, nr. Okehampton; Wallis, Blackpool Cottage, Stoke Fleming, nr. DARTMOUTH; R. West, 6, Grange Rd., Stoughton, GUILDFORD; Doris Wiggitt, 359, Golden Hillock Rd., Spark Hill, BIRMINGHAM; George Wilkes, 6, Glen Lough, RUSHMILL, Co. Antrim; Betty Wilson, 207, N.C. Rd., DUBLIN; Pat Wilson, 207, N.C. Rd., DUBLIN.

### 50 Consolation Prizes—Class B

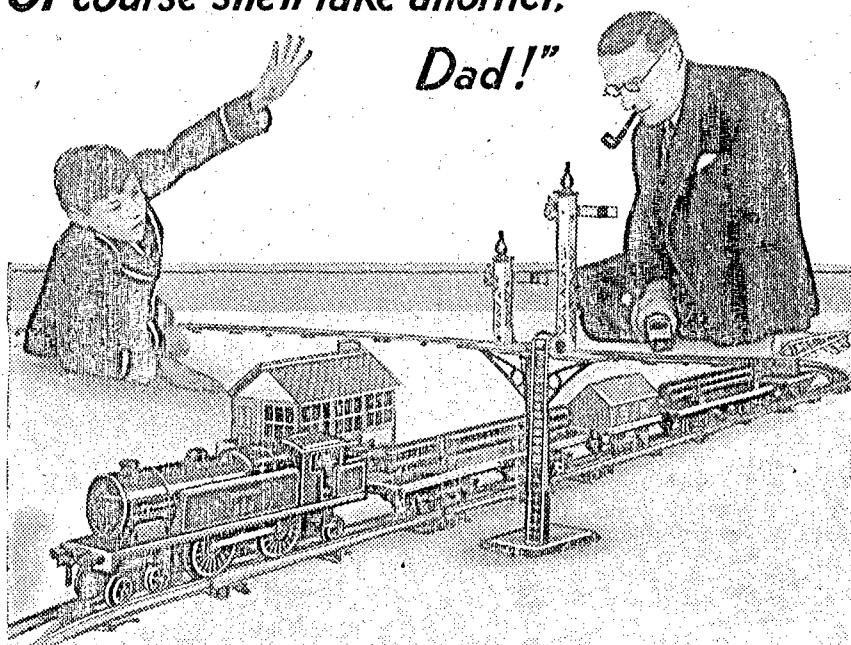
THE FIFTY PACKETS OF BUTTER SCOTCH have been awarded to the following:—

Marian Alexander, "Hayes," Grange Ave., WOODFORD GREEN; F. Allen, 75, South Parade, BELFAST; Irene Baggett, 4, Sherwood St., WOLVERHAMPTON; Cecily Bailey, "Markfield," Station Rd., Markfield, Leics; Apollonia Barnes, Old Oasen Farm, HANSCOTE, BIRMINGHAM; Marjorie Barter, 154, Oval Rd., EAST CROYDON; Joyce Barham, Rose Cottage, UPWOOD; Hums, Jean Bellis, 41, Hollywell Ave., MCKINSTRON; John Boothman, 39, Anson Rd., BIRMINGHAM; YARMOUTH; Kathleen Brown, Aencia Villa, Broomfield Lane, HALE; James Caldwell, 16, Brighton Place, Govan, GLASGOW; Phoebe Carran, 83, Paterson St., BIRKENHEAD; Edna R. Clive, 26, Normandy Rd., BIRKENHEAD; MARGARET CLIVE, 14, Glenview Terrace, Harboro' Rd., NORTHAMPTON; Gladys Dale, 2, Alfred St., BOLTON; Betty Dobson, St. Hilda's School, HARPENDEY; Phyllis Dinebury, 157, Beaumar Rd., Fallowfield, MANCHESTER; Mary Goldart, 16, Denmark Rd., GLOUCESTER; Douglas S. Gentry, 45, Elmwood Rd., Chiswick, W.4; Peggy Hellyer, 7, Westfield Rd., Queen's Park, BEDFORD; Sylvia Hill, 171, Wolverhampton Lane, DALSTON; Ivy Hills, 4, Fowler St., CAMBERWELL, S.E.5; Gladys D. Holden, 2, Aldwych Place, Broomfield, BLACKBURN; Marjorie Hoult, 10, Chestnut Ave., Headingley, LEEDS; Kirby Humphries, 12, Daniels Rd., Bordesley Green, BIRMINGHAM; P. Joyce H. Jackson, Thoron, Leek, Derby; Rogers, 9, Romsey Rd., Sligher, SOUTHAMPTON; Philip Russell-Hill, 36, Glenhorne Rd., Copnor Rd., PORTSMOUTH; Margaret Rutherford, "Rachel," Bishops Wood Rd., PRESTATON; Mary Singleton, "Wharfedale," Beacon Hill Rd., PHILIPPTON; Joyce N. Smith, 43, Autumore Rd., WELWYN GARDEN CITY; Harve, Steel, 4, Dresden Rd., HIGHGATE, N.19; Eleanor Stephenson, Leadgate, ALSTON, Cumberland; Ella Thompson, 27, Florence Crescent, Southwick, SUDBURY; G. S. Tothill, Chelmsford Hall, Carlisle Rd., EASTBOURNE; Veronica Townley, 8, Westbourne Ave., HARROGATE; Irene Tozer, 4, Courthouse Gardens, LINCOLN; R. T. Tufnell, West Leven, Queen's, BIRKENHEAD; Robert Watkins, Leek, Leek Court, SWANSEA; Mary Watson, "Greenholm," Cambridge Gardens, Bramley, LEEDS; Freda Woods, "West View," King Edward Rd., NUNSTON; Raymond Woolley, 32, Parkside Rd., Trannere, BIRKENHEAD.

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*"Of course she'll take another.  
Dad!"*



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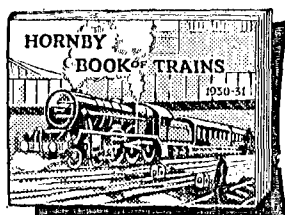
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**BRITISH AND GUARANTEED**

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The annual volume of Chums has over 800 pages of stories of adventure, covering air, land, and sea. It has scores of articles on interesting subjects and hundreds of illustrations. A folding colour plate shows the inside of a Pacific express engine, with an explanation of its parts, one of the best pictures of the kind yet published.

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Another splendid boy's book is the Champion Annual (6s). It has a variety of stories, and narratives of hunting, flying, exploration, and sport. There is a suggestive chapter on hobbies.

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The Popular Book of Boy's Stories (2s 6d) is a volume of fine and stirring fiction. There are stories of exploration in the wilds, on the prairie, and on the high seas, boat-racing and motor-racing stories, and stories with plenty of humour in them.

For those who want something outside fiction there is the New Nature Book (6s), full of tales and pictures of birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, written by experts and calculated to satisfy grown-ups as well as boys.

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The Modern Boy's Annual (6s) is unique. It is splendidly produced in black and white and colour, and, while fiction is not neglected, the bulk of the book is made up of articles on ships, trains, aeroplanes, fire engines, motor-cycles, and other mechanical wonders.

One more boy's volume attracting attention is Every Boy's Hobby Annual (6s). This will amuse any boy for hours. It is full of things to make and do. With this book a boy may find something interesting and attractive to work at or play at for the rest of the year.

Any one of these volumes would make an excellent present for Christmas, but they should be ordered at once, as the demand for these annuals soon sends them out of print.

## THE BEAM AND THE MOTE

### South America and Europe

Most of us are apt, perhaps, to comment upon revolutions in South America in a way which suggests that that part of the world is particularly unstable, but surely it ill becomes Europe to reproach any part of the world with instability.

Europe now consists of 36 States, many of which, we regret to note, are on very bad terms with many of the others. Moreover, many European States are the theatres of serious disorder.

There has been very little bloodshed in South America in recent years, which can hardly be said of Europe; and, as for the revolutions, they have for the most part taken place with little disturbance. It is surely for Europe to attend to the beam in its own eye rather than to reflect upon the mote in the eye of South America.

A subway is to be made at the foot of Westminster Bridge on the Surrey side of the Thames.

One drug factory in Europe manufactured in 1928 more of the deadly drug heroin than the amount needed by all the world for medicine and science.

## KEEPING FOOD PURE FOR YOU

### THE MEN WHO DO IT

**Four Hundred Samples Tested  
Every Day for the Government**

### BAD THINGS FOUND OUT

Day by day our food supplies are protected by the public analysts.

We little realise that about 400 samples of food are tested every day by the officials. Unfortunately the results show that the public still needs this protection, which is very costly to the taxpayer.

Thus in England last year nearly one in twelve of the samples of milk examined was found to be either adulterated or not up to standard. In too many cases cream also was adulterated.

Butter and margarine do not seem to suffer as badly as milk, for of the samples taken only three in a hundred were found adulterated.

### A New Danger

The wrapping of cheese seems to have introduced a new danger, for the food is only too likely to be contaminated when wrapped in tinfoil. In one case it was shown that illness resulted from cheese which had been highly affected by contact with the wrapper.

Bread, we are glad to know, comes out with a very good report. One bad case relating to a special flour was reported and the offender was prosecuted. A flour was sold as diabetic flour and on examination was found to be just ordinary flour, which, of course, a person suffering from diabetes ought not to eat on any account.

It is good to think that cases of this kind rarely happen.

Of the jams and marmalades, one in forty of those examined was adulterated, which is really a very high proportion. It is also regrettable that artificial vinegar is often substituted for real malt vinegar.

The familiar sausage retains its bad character as a favourite subject for ill-treatment. Of 2940 samples examined no fewer than 265 were reported against.

### Beware of Wines

We very much regret to find that some of the so-called non-alcoholic wines were found to contain spirit. One ginger wine actually contained 24 per cent of spirit. In one audacious case a so-called non-alcoholic wine consisted of a solution of sugar and water dosed with acid and coloured with aniline dye. We do not know what was done to the offender in this case, but it is sad that such an offence should have to be recorded.

We are not entirely safe even when buying distilled water, for one report shows that ordinary water from the public supply was passed off as distilled; all that was done to the offender in this case was to fine him ten shillings. As to drugs, it is regrettable to find that about five per cent of the samples taken were adulterated.

We owe a great debt to those who do this painstaking and very valuable work; fear of the public analyst no doubt prevents much adulteration which would otherwise take place.

### THE VULGAR FILMS

Nothing has done more in recent years to lower British standards of morality, decency, and good manners than the vulgar and sensational films that are being presented daily and nightly to millions of our people. Sir Hesketh Bell

A swan flew through the windscreen of a motor-van at Uxbridge, and fell dead.

Over a million people visited the Science Museum at South Kensington last year, 3000 a week more than during the year before.



# THE GREEN DOOR

Serial Story by  
John Halden

## CHAPTER 25 The Escape

FOR a moment Tony stood transfixed in the darkness, the letter in his hand. Whoever had spoken to him apparently was unprovided with an electric torch, for no bar of light cut the blackness.

"Hand that over, I told you!"

Again the rough voice—Leeson's, without a doubt.

Tony breathed more easily. He knew now that the gang had followed him, and, had as the knowledge was, it was better than to be facing an unknown assailant in this thick blackness.

Now Tony had one gift, besides his speed at a hundred yards, that had won him fame at school. He was a natural ventriloquist. Often in the dormitory he had made his neighbour seem to speak from the next bed. Pulling his wits together, he wondered now if he could not use this trick to help him out of a tight place.

Apparently there were two burly ruffians blocking his way out of the room. He strained his ears and heard them moving about uneasily, obviously unwilling to come into the pitch-dark room until he had given them some hint of where he was. Then, Tony felt, they would leap for him.

Tony had no desire for a fight. Not only was it a case of two men to one boy, but his only wish now was to get back to London as soon as possible with the letter for which Felicity was waiting. So far he had kept perfectly quiet, straining his ears, and he knew that on their side they were straining their ears to place him.

He decided to give them what they were listening for. Speaking in the manner of a ventriloquist, out of the corner of his mouth, and throwing his voice as far as he could into another part of the room, he said, "Who's there!"

Instantly the two ruffians sprang for him, but sprang in the wrong direction!

Tony chuckled under his breath as he heard a loud crack which told him that in the darkness their two heads had collided. Then, while they lashed about for him in all directions, he crept quietly out of the door, leaving them to call each other names, rub their heads, and blame each other for the fiasco.

Making as little noise as possible, Tony ran up the stairs to the attic window through which he had come. In a few seconds he had scrambled down the ivy and was away at his best pace down the drive. As he ran he wondered what the two he had left behind were doing. If they had not heard him go up the stairs, and he hoped the bump their heads had received had made them temporarily deaf, they must now be searching for him with matches.

"That should keep them busy for a while," thought Tony with satisfaction. "By the time they have satisfied themselves that I am not hidden somewhere in that big, dark house I'll have got to the station."

This thought gave him pause. What good was it getting to the station if there were no train out until five o'clock? He dared not wait at the station. Where could he go that they should not find him?

Suddenly he remembered motherly little Mrs Catsby, and looked at the illuminated dial of his watch. It was only half-past ten. Perhaps she had not yet gone to bed. Would she take him in?

To his joy a comfortable glow of lamplight shone out of her sitting-room window. Tony glanced over his shoulder, and as he could see no pursuers on the road behind him went gasping up the garden walk to pull at her jangling bell-rope.

"Whatever—!" exclaimed Mrs Catsby. "Why, it's the young gentleman who came in for tea! What are you doing out at this time of night, young man?"

"I've been to Byewell House," returned Tony, hoping he could suppress the disturbing facts without lying to this friendly soul.

"But it is shut up, so I've had to come back again. I want to take the next train for London, which I'm told is at five o'clock."

"Fancy your going up to Byewell House!" said Mrs Catsby. "Didn't you know that Mr Speers died a little while ago? Are you a friend of his, or relative maybe?"

"No; I'm only a friend of an old friend of his, Mrs Catsby," returned Tony. "As I must take the five o'clock train I was wondering—do you ever by any chance take lodgers? I could just stay here on the sitting-room couch, if you'd allow me to, until time to take the early train. I promise I won't be any bother."

"That will be all right, won't it, John?" Mrs Catsby turned to her husband, and Tony was glad to see a burly man seated

in an armchair in the sitting-room. All this time he had been standing on the doorstep, one ear cocked for sound of his pursuers.

"Come right in, my dear; we'll be only too glad to put you up, though it will only be for a few hours, I'm afraid, hardly worth going to bed. My, you do look worn out."

Tony drew a long breath as the door was closed behind him. He felt that big Mr Catsby, who had not yet spoken one word, would be a good ally in case of trouble, and he decided to tell something of his plight.

"I think I ought to explain," he said, "that two men are after me to get something which I have quite legitimately in my possession. I've done nothing wrong, but they are not likely to stick at violence."

Mr Catsby looked at Tony narrowly for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied by what he saw, nodded.

"Tell us what's up, boy," he said. "I'm the town constable, and if there's any underhand work going on against you I'll do what I can for you."

Tony hesitated only for a moment. After all, he and his friends were innocent of any wrongdoing, and he had come, if a trifle unconventionally, at least quite honestly by the two important objects in his possession, the letter and the gold cup. The only hope for Speers and his gang was now to get them away from him by force. He looked at the burly form and honest face of Mr Catsby and decided to trust him.

## CHAPTER 26 Cornered

"It's a matter of a forged will, sir," he began. "I don't know if you have heard that Mr Speers of Byewell House made a will in favour of his friend Mr Josiah Cartwright."

"Yes, I'd heard," the constable nodded. "We're very fond of Mr Cartwright in these parts," added Mrs Catsby, "and of dear little Miss Felicity too. We were that pleased when we heard the news!"

"But I don't suppose you know that a certain person"—Tony thought best not to name the nephew—"had another will which he claimed as subsequent, and which left the old man's fortune elsewhere."

"No!" cried Mrs Catsby, shocked and disappointed.

"But this pretended will was forged—there's no doubt about it, though it seemed difficult to prove."

"Forged will, eh?" remarked Mr Catsby. "That sounds like the work of young Edgar Speers. No need to ask if the fortune was left to him in this pretended new will."

With a mental note of admiration for the constable's shrewdness Tony went on with his story.

"The only proof in writing that no such subsequent will has been made was a letter written by old Mr Speers himself, written to Mr Cartwright the night before he died. That letter was hidden in Byewell House. The point was for me, on behalf of Mr Cartwright and his daughter, to get possession of that letter before the other interested parties could find and destroy it."

"So you went up to Byewell House alone at this time of night and found it," cried Mrs Catsby. "I call that real brave."

The constable shook his head.

"It might be called breaking into premises," he remarked with a sly grin. "But I suppose in the circumstances we'll have to let it pass. Did the other 'interested parties' catch you at it?"

Tony grinned in response and nodded. "Where are they now?" asked Mrs Catsby, looking round her fearfully.

"Still at Byewell House, as far as I know," said Tony. "That's where I left them."

"Better not count on that," said the constable wisely. "They'll soon have realised you got away, and they'll be after you, never fear."

"How many of them are there?" quavered Mrs Catsby. "Do you think they'll come here?"

"Now, now, Nellie," said her husband easily. "What's the good of having a man in the Force if you don't rely on him to take care of you? I think I'll go out and have a look round for these gentlemen."

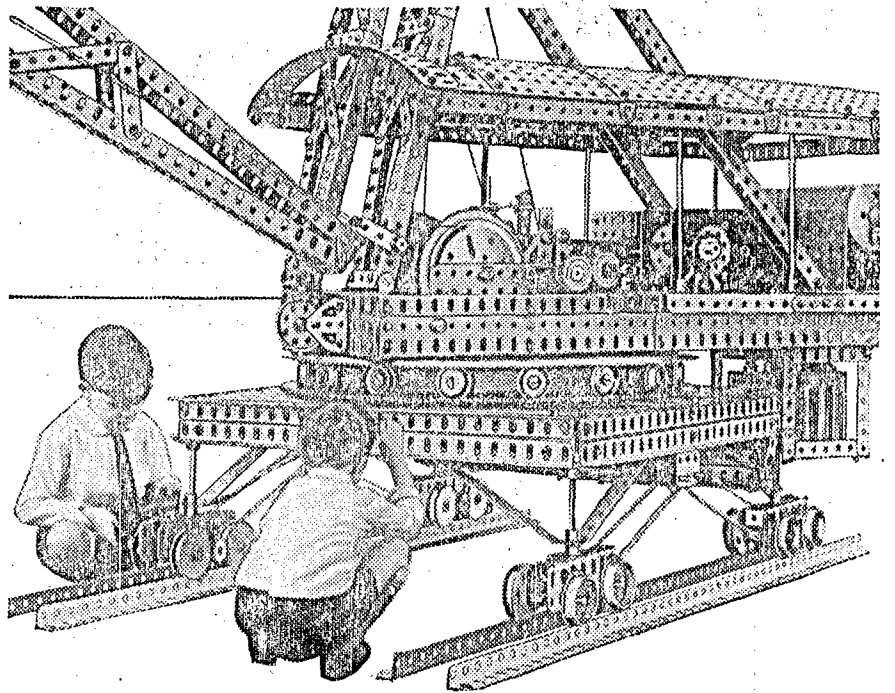
He reached for his shoes.

"Shall I go with you?" suggested Tony. The constable looked at him keenly.

"I don't see that there's any need," he said. "Better let Mrs Catsby fix you up with something to eat and a blanket on that couch there."

Tony was swaying with fatigue as he stood up. The heat of the fire and the

Continued on the next page



## You can Build 686 Working Models with a No. 3 Meccano Outfit

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Write to-day for this thrilling Book! We will send you a copy, post free, in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums.

The book is brimful of illustrations showing the splendid engineering models that can be made with Meccano. All the Meccano Outfits are fully described, and many other interesting details of this wonderful hobby are given.



# MECCANO

MECCANO LTD., DEPT. 27, OLD SWAN, LIVERPOOL.



sense of security in being with these kindly people had relaxed him, and he felt that he could sleep for a week.

"As a matter of fact, I could do with a little sleep," he admitted apologetically; "I haven't had a lot of it lately."

"Sit you right down, laddie, and wait till I make you an omelette and some tea," cried Mrs Catsby sympathetically. "You just leave everything to my Joseph. He'll see those horrid men punished."

"Don't know about that, my dear," admitted her husband, grinning. "I'd put them in the gaol soon enough if I had an excuse to do it, but unless I catch them in suspicious circumstances I'll have to leave them alone."

"But think how they've been behaving to this boy here," cried Mrs Catsby. "They deserve to be put in prison at hard labour."

Tony grinned in spite of himself at his new friend's championship. He had not told them of his adventures in London, and was half minded to do so just for the pleasure of seeing Mrs Catsby's kind eyes grow round.

"Well, he could lodge a complaint," said Mr Catsby ponderously.

"I don't think I will, thanks," remarked Tony. "I should have to lodge the complaint in person, shouldn't I? And that would mean my staying here tomorrow."

"I'm afraid that is so," returned the constable. "If it were only something I could swear to myself, something I had caught them doing, for example—"

"That's what I thought," said Tony, "so apparently I shall have to go on dodging them a while longer. I daren't miss that first train back to London. A good deal may depend on it. And, by the way, I haven't told you my name. I'm Anthony Richardson, a friend of Mr Cartwright and Miss Marr."

"Any friend of theirs is our friend," said Mrs Catsby, as she bustled about preparing the couch for Tony to sleep on the few hours that remained to him before the train left. "We've known Miss Felicity ever since she was a child."

"There's not a nicer young lady in the county," said Mr Catsby, who seemed to be preparing to ask something.

"I don't want to seem curious," he said finally, "but would you mind showing me the letter you came to get? It's not

Continued in the last column

## JACKO WANTS A DOG

JACKO took it into his head one day that he wanted a dog.

His mother thought it wasn't a bad idea. "They're friendly creatures," she said, "and very little trouble to look after. I've no objection if your father doesn't mind," she added.

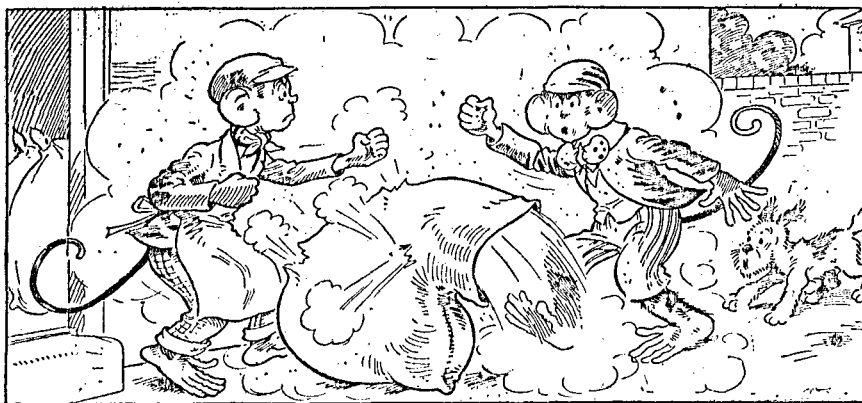
Father, buried behind his paper, grunted, and Jacko, taking this to mean

"Not without getting pinched," replied the baker's boy, with a grin.

"I mean," explained Jacko, "a dog somebody wants to get rid of."

The baker's boy put down his sack and looked over his shoulder.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "a young pup has been following me round all the morning. There he is!"



A sudden lunge caught the bag and burst it

that he didn't care much either way, promptly offered to find the very best dog in Monkeyville.

"How much can I pay for it?" he asked, reaching for his cap.

"Nothing at all," roared Father Jacko, coming suddenly to life; "if you want a dog you must find one. There must be lots of people," he added, "who would be glad enough to find a good home for a puppy."

Jacko went off full of hope. The first person he met was the baker's boy, struggling with a huge sack of flour.

"Hi!" called Jacko. "I suppose you don't happen to know where I could pick up a nice dog, do you?"

"Whose is he?" asked Jacko.

The baker's boy shook his head. "Stray, I should think."

"Good!" cried Jacko. "I'll have him."

"No you won't," said the baker's boy. "I've taken a fancy to him myself."

"Fight you for him," cried Jacko, squaring his fists. In a moment they were at it, hard and fast.

A sudden lunge of Jacko's caught the flour bag and burst it.

He regarded this as a win. "My dog!" he declared triumphantly.

The poor baker's boy was too overwhelmed by his misfortune to argue.

But when they looked round for the dog it had disappeared.

necessary, of course, but it might be as well to have a witness that it is actually in your possession—just in case, you know."

"Good idea," agreed Tony, and, taking out his wallet, he extracted the letter and passed it over to the constable.

"This looks like all that is necessary to prove that the old man had made no will subsequent to that leaving his fortune to Mr Cartwright. You see he says so only a few hours before his death. Well, I'm right glad for Mr Cartwright's sake."

Mr Catsby handed back the letter, and Tony replaced it in his wallet in his pocket.

Suddenly all three stiffened as a sound was heard just outside the window of the little sitting-room. Mr Catsby leaped to the door.

"Why ever didn't we think to draw the blinds!" wailed Mrs Catsby. "Of course we've all be in plain sight from the road all this time."

Tony started to follow Mr Catsby outside, but Mrs Catsby pulled him back.

"Don't you think of going!" she cried. "It's you they want, not him."

In a few minutes, however, Mr Catsby returned.

"No sign of anyone," he said. "It may have been just one of those hollyhocks knocking against the pane. There's a wind coming up."

Mrs Catsby drew the blinds carefully, and, seeing that Tony had finished his omelette, made him lie down on the couch by the fire.

"We'll see that you catch your train," she said kindly. "Don't worry about anything. Just sleep while you can."

Tony thanked her gratefully, and was fast asleep even before she had blown out the light on the table.

He did not know what awakened him, but he woke with an uneasy sense that a hand was feeling cautiously in his coat-pocket. As he opened his eyes he saw in the firelight a crouching figure just inside the open window, and another bending over him.

At that moment he heard the gruff voice of Mr Catsby in the doorway.

"Stand up, there! I arrest you for burglariously entering my house and stealing property belonging to my guest Mr Anthony Richardson!"

Tony heard a gasp from the man beside him, and then shouted a warning to Mr Catsby as the two burglars leaped for his host.

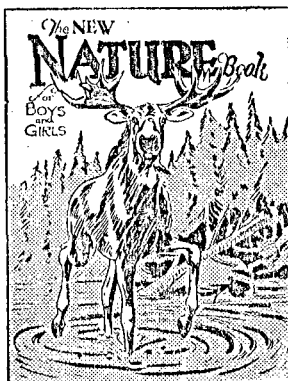
TO BE CONCLUDED

# Christmas Joys For Girls and Boys

## All British Books for British Children

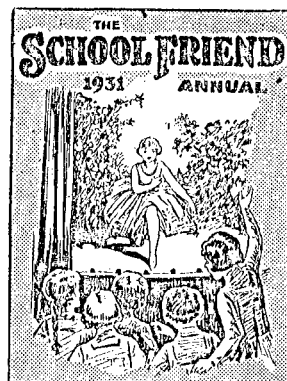


A big favourite with boys and girls from six to twelve years old. Full of amusing pictures, stories, and puzzles. **6/-** Net.

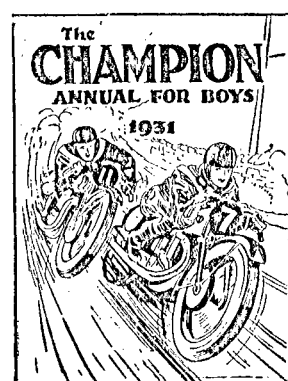


All about the wonders of bird and animal life. Well-known Nature writers and photographers give of their best. **6/-** Net.

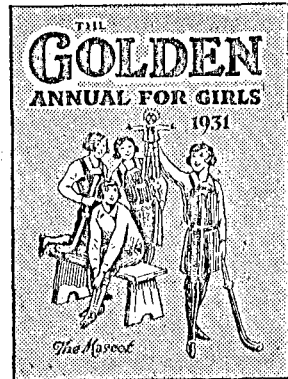
If you want a really tip-top Christmas present for yourself or for your younger brother or sister, why not choose one of these splendid gift books? Here you will find heaps of entertaining features—jolly stories, thrilling and amusing pictures, beautiful colour plates, and many pages printed in colours. The boy or girl who has one of these famous "All British" bumper books will find constant joy in reading them again and again. Make sure that you get one of these jolly Gift Books for Christmas. They are on sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers.



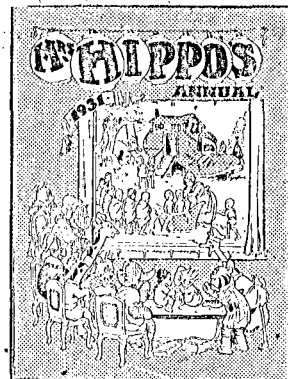
Entertaining stories and articles. Lovely coloured plates and illustrations that will delight every girl of school age. **6/-** Net.



Adventure! Athletics! School stories and articles about schoolboys' life, together with a wealth of delightful illustration. **6/-** Net.



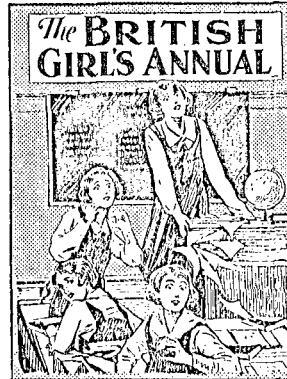
Packed with enthralling stories of school life, adventure, mystery, etc. For schoolgirls of all ages. **4/6** Net.



Hosts of fine stories—pages of pictures of the funny Whippys, the Jolly Hippo Girls, and other "Playbox" characters. **3/6** Net.



School and adventure stories, also interesting articles and 250 illustrations in colours and black and white. **5/-** Net.

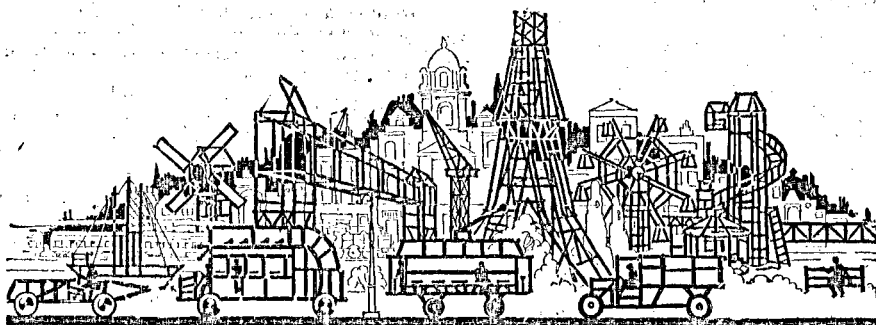


For girls between 10 and 17 years. Delightful stories of school life, sport, and adventure. Also entertaining and useful articles. **5/-** Net.



For boys and girls up to eight years. Cheery stories with an abundance of pretty and amusing pictures. **2/6** Net.





## Build a whole town with ONETOY!

**KLIPTIKO** will build bridges, towers, factory machinery, elevators, conveyers, cranes, ships, trams, buses, cars, in fact everything a town contains! The Klipitiko Instruction Book shows you crowds of lovely things to build; page after page is crammed full of exciting models. And even when you've made all these, you'll get heaps more fine ideas of your own. With Klipitiko you can invent hundreds of models for yourself.

### More models—better fun!

**THERE'S** no end to what you can build with Klipitiko. The parts are joined together so easily and they fit in so many different ways that Klipitiko builds three times as many models as any other constructional toy! Ask your Dad to buy Klipitiko. More models mean better fun. The toys are strong and the parts are clamped together firmly so that they cannot come apart until you pull your model to pieces. There are no small parts to get lost and spoil the set. And you can always add extras by buying an accessory set.

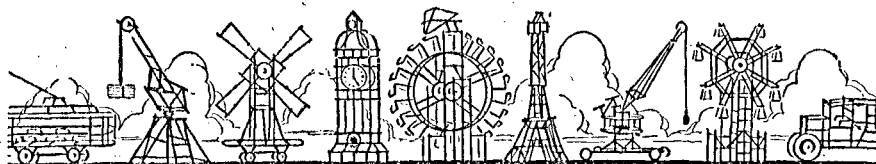
**FREE** Send a postcard to-day for Free Booklet, describing and illustrating the wonderful things that can be done with KLIPTIKO and WENEBRIK. The coloured illustrations keep you amused for hours planning the models you will build when you have one of these fine constructional toys for your own.

### WENEBRIK

made especially for girls, builds whole villages and towns. You can design them yourself or build the models shown in the book. No tools are needed. It is made in gay colours, and practically indestructible. Send for coloured illustrated booklet to-day.

# Klipitiko

COMPLETE SETS from 2/6.



Wm. Bailey (B'ham) Ltd., Surrey Works, Weaman St., Birmingham.

## A WANTED GIFT IS A WELCOME GIFT

The Brilliant Box of Plasticine has 10 colours, tools and full directions.

2/- Post Free 2/6  
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**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD., 8, Bathampton, BATH.**



## CUT THIS OUT

**CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON.** VALUE 3d.  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLUENT PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLUENT S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fino, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/- or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



## The Value of Vitamines in your children's diet.

"The vitamines found in Beef Suet is not only essential to growth, but is also a potent factor of immunity or protection against certain infections, and tuberculous infection in particular. We begin to value Beef Suet more than ever. We discover that it is found to contain the priceless protective factor (Vitamines or Fat Soluble 'A')."—Dr. Saleeby.

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—the good Beef Suet with its unusually rich vitamine content, its entire freedom from adulterant or preservative of any kind, should have a permanent place in your larder. Ask your Grocer for a packet to-day.

#### SHREDDED

for Puddings, Ploerust, Mince-meat, etc., and for addition to milk puddings and porridge it is supreme.

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for Frying Meat, Fish and Potatoes, for Basting, and all Cooking purposes it is unsurpassed.

In small packets, and 4-oz., 8-oz. and 16-oz. cartons.

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Originators of Refined Beef Suet.



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I send **FREE SIX MINT BRITISH COLONIALS**, one each from **KEDAH, ZANZIBAR, Kenya, TURKS & CAICOS, IS., SOUDAN and CAYMAN ISLANDS** and **ALL MINT** to any collector at Home or Abroad sending a postcard for my large illustrated Price List (No. 9), containing over 1,200 items: Stamps, Albums, Sets, Packets, Accessories—in fact, EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR. Prices from 1d. (over 200 sets at 1d. each) to 40/- Send a postcard only—no cash—and ask for No. 212. **EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, PETER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

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### "1000 PACKET" 4 1d. 4 2

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 unused, 12-page book. Post, 2d. ex. lot for duplicates, 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

**WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Rd., BARNET.**

### MASON'S GINGER WINE

**MADE AT HOME**

Delicious, warming, cheering. A 9d. bottle of Mason's Essence makes 100 glasses of Ginger Wine—as good as Ginger Wine can be.

Buy a bottle to-day from your Grocer, Stores or Chemist, or send 1/- and we will post a bottle and give you name of nearest agent.

**NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM**

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A really fine start for a collection. Price only 3s. 6d. **STAMP ALBUMS** at various prices from 1s. to 40s. Ask for our illustrated list sent post free on application.

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**ERRINGTON & MARTIN,**  
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Established 1880

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A new set of stamps from this Oceanic Colony sent free of charge to bona-fide applicants for selections of duplicates on approval. If 2d. is enclosed for postage a set of new St. Helena stamps also free.

Special Bargains: 25 different Belgian Congo (a picture gallery) post free 1/6. 500 diff. (extra good) stamps, post free 1/6.—**J. HENRY TURNER, 110, Barnett Road, Hellingbury, Brighton, Sussex.**

## "HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, or money for Xmas Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

**LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.**  
President—**WALTER SCOLES, Esq.**

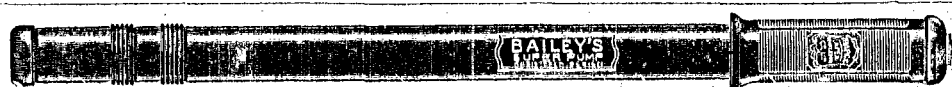
## A HOT MUG OF COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter and jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones these bitter mornings. 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?

**Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.**

## BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP

Celluloid covered 15 x 7 in. With Steel Lining 2/3 each. With Aluminium Lining 2/6 each. The Metal Linings are solid drawn from a Metal Blank, cartridge fashion. Cannot warp.



MADE and GUARANTEED by

**The APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., Aldridge Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham.**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 14s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 20, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Two Wheels

IN a piece of machinery there are two cogged wheels, one having 56 teeth and the other 48. How many times will the larger have to turn before the teeth which were originally in contact meet again?

Answer next week

### Idi On Parle Français



Le chocolat Le chrysanthème La nappes  
Prenons la moitié de ce chocolat. Le chrysanthème fleurit très tard. On met une nappes propre pour vous.

### Where It Comes From

**Castor Oil.** This familiar household remedy, which is renowned for its unpleasant taste, comes from an Indian plant known by the scientific name of *Ricinus communis*. The seeds of the plant are crushed and then strained through a filter to obtain the oil.

### Hidden Animals

THE name of an animal has been hidden in each of the following sentences, but the letters have been reversed. Thus in the first sentence *cat* is the name as indicated by italics. Can you find the others?

I cannot accept any responsibility.

They that go down to the sea in ships.

As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

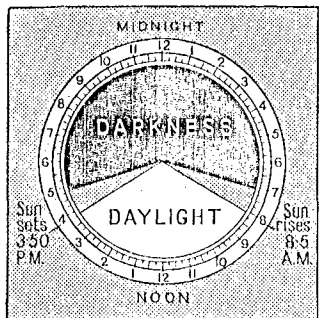
In another era he would have been famous.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.

All nature is but art.

Answer next week

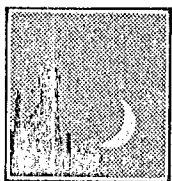
### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. December 22 is the shortest day.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the East, and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, December 24.



### Shouted Towns

THIS is a very good game to play at a Christmas party. The players are all seated round the room and the first one shouts out the name of a town, and at once begins counting twenty. The next player has to name a town beginning with the last letter of that just named. So the game goes on round the room. Any player who fails to think of a town before twenty has been counted goes out of the game. Of course the players must all agree to count at about the same rate. The game is continued until there is only one left and he is the winner.

### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to November 22, 1930, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1930	DEATHS 1929
London	5319	5297
Glasgow	1679	1565
Liverpool	1438	1433
Dublin	717	715
Belfast	688	597
Edinburgh	514	516
Derby	202	191
Swansea	200	220
Ipswich	129	103
Bournemouth	90	71
York	87	91
Bath	71	80

### Christmas Trees

THE proper Christmas tree is always a spruce fir, which, on account of its neat habit of growth, has a very attractive appearance. The trees are largely grown in the sandy soils of Surrey and Hampshire, although many come from Scotland. By choice a Christmas-tree plantation is made on ground that is of poor quality. Spruce firs growing on rich soil develop leaves which are of a very dark green colour, and these have a gloomy look. When the land is poor the leaves are of a very pale yellowish green, and these trees command the best prices. It takes from five to six years to grow even the small

trees we see offered for sale. The larger trees may be twenty-five to thirty years old.

When men are uprooting Christmas trees they wear leather gloves to protect their hands from a rash caused by the points of the leaves.

### Word Multiplication

IN the following multiplication sum the figures 0 to 9 have been replaced by letters. Can you find the value of each letter? When they are arranged in their numerical order they will spell a word meaning fearful.

E I L A F M B  
R O D

I B I M F O L D  
E I L A F M B F  
O L E B R F B I F F

R F M E I E B E D D

Answer next week

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Double Profits. 168 8d.

### A Picture Puzzle

Graph, camp, top, shop, money—GRAMOPHONE.

**Diagonal Acrostic** Jumbled Syllables  
Wellington Newquay  
Winchester Bradford  
Montenegro Derby  
Mandolines Luton  
Cumberland Exeter  
nasturtium Norwich  
settlement Liverpool  
compliment Darlington  
Canterbury Doncaster  
Eastbourne Rotherham

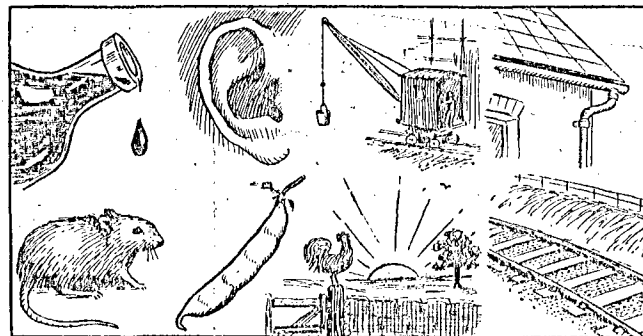
### Biblical Characters

Jaël, Eli, Elisha, Abel, Bela, Laban, Aner, Ner, Neri, Neriah, Eri, Ahab, Abi, Abiel, Elijah.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

AT RACE TOOLS  
RED NOTIONS SEA  
ENERGY N E I T H E R  
A N I L A S H E R A N  
K I N E M A T O G R A P H  
S N A G A R E N A P E E R  
S O L E S O P E H E N R Y  
E T R E I N Y A P S I D E

### A Pictorial Double Acrostic



FIND the names of these eight objects and then write them one under another so that the initials and the finals spell two words that are particularly appropriate at this time.

Answer next week

## DR. MERRYMAN

### Romance

THEY were walking along the sea-shore.  
"What are the wild waves saying?" sighed the poet.  
"Sounds just like 'Splash' to me," replied his prosaic friend.

### Used to Shelling

A MAN was applying for the position of assistant to the ship's cook.  
"Have you ever been on a ship before?" asked the cook at the end of his inquiries.  
"I was a gunner in the Navy," was the reply.  
"You'll do," said the cook. "Start right away and shell those peas."

### Picnic Pleasures

THE picnic had been in progress for some time.  
"Isn't this an ideal spot for a picnic?" ventured a young man as he gazed at the surrounding scenery.  
"It must be," replied his uncle, smiting the air as he spoke. "Ten thousand wasps can't possibly be wrong."

### He Should Know

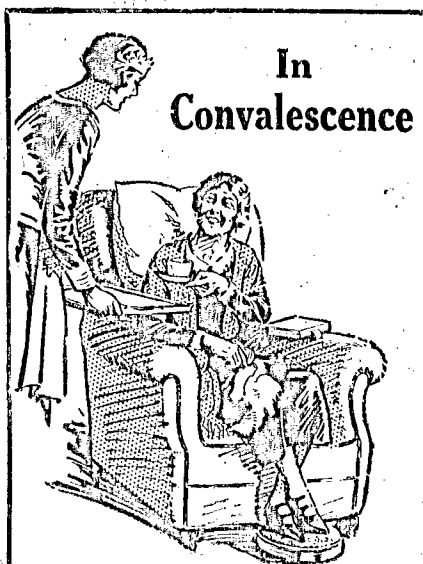
THE science master asked the class to tell him what they knew of nitrates.  
"They are much cheaper than day rates, sir," said Harry Smith, whose father works in a telegraph office.

### Most Unusual

THYNNE: You missed your train this morning, old chap. How was that?  
Thycke: Why, the wretched thing came in on time.

### Misunderstood

MISTRESS (to new maid): Did you sweep under the doormat?  
Maid: Yes, mum. I sweep everything under the mat.



## In Convalescence

When the digestive powers are weak or impaired the 'Allenburys' Diet is pre-eminently suitable as a basis of feeding. It replaces with advantage milk and milk dishes commonly employed in sickness and convalescence. Made from selected whole wheat and fresh creamy milk with added Vitamin D, it is just what you require.

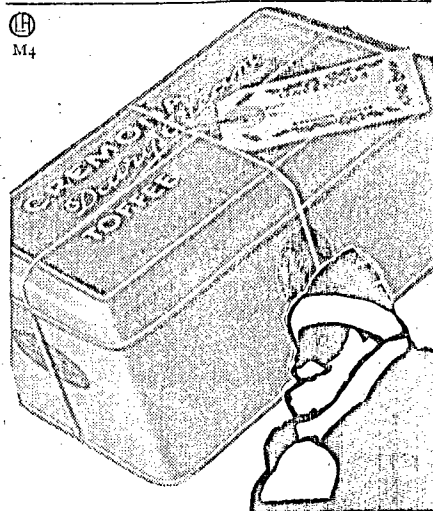


EASY TO MAKE PLEASANT TO TAKE

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists

Send 3d. in stamps for 3 lb. trial sample tin of the 'Allenburys' Diet

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,  
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3



## CREMONA TOFFEE Xmas Gift Tins

Twenty-six different Gift Tins to choose from for Xmas Stocking duty, all full of sheer goodness. Each Cremona Gift Tin has a Christmas Greeting Tag or Label attached, or a Christmas Card enclosed.

Ask to see Cremona Xmas Gift Tins at your Confectioners. Twenty six kinds, 6d. up to 10/-

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES**, 1½ lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Girds, Jumpers, etc. White 3/4 lb. Various shades 3/11½ lb. post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11½ to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Blankets, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.  
EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

### FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MADemoiselle looked severely at Robin.

"You are a late person, I see," she said.

It was the day before Robin was to go to Paris by air. He was to drive from his home in Epsom to Croydon to catch the eleven o'clock plane to Paris. All alone he was going to meet his father in the French capital.

It was most unlucky that all the Sangsters, including Mademoiselle, were leaving for the country that very day, so Robin could not be seen off. He would have to get away himself. Old Fellowes, with the village taxicab was to call for him in good time.

"But you are always late; late for every meal! You may be late also tomorrow," said

Mademoiselle, watching Robin wind up the watch that had been his last birthday gift.

"Why should I be late?" said Robin proudly. "I've my watch. Mustn't it be a dreadful thing to watch an aeroplane rise off the ground just too late to scramble in."

"See it does not happen to yourself," was all that Mademoiselle said grimly. "Think of the poor father waiting at Le Bourget! The aeroplane descends. The passage has been safe; he thanks his stars. But no boy comes out. Ah, la la!"

"Why is she so tussy?" said Robin to himself.

"I think I will put on the hands of your watch a little, then you will be sure to be there in time," Mademoiselle

exclaimed, looking at the watch on the table.

"You'd better not, please."

The next morning he got completely fascinated by the crossword puzzle in The Times. It was the first one he had ever really finished. He lingered over it even in the thrill of packing.

It was not till he was quite near the aerodrome that Robin suddenly realised that he was likely to be late. He looked at his watch. He had four minutes to do it in!

He caught sight of the beautiful, quivering aeroplane on the ground at the back of the big air station. Yes; there it was. But one had to go through the Customs first.

He dashed through, a tall figure of a schoolboy with the

suitcase that was just the right weight, with the passport that had been so carefully arranged for.

All the other passengers were evidently in; the propeller was actually whizzing. He tore past the little waiting crowd across the grass. A friendly hand reached out from the door and helped him in. He sank into the only vacant seat and glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past eleven.

"Oh, did you wait for me?" he panted to a steward carrying coffee.

"We wait for nobody, sir," said the steward urbanely.

"Then Mademoiselle did put my watch on after all!" gasped Robin.